The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1890.

The Week.

THE dimensions of the recent political revolution are strikingly portrayed in a table compiled by the Chicago *Tribune*, which covers the ten Congressional farming districts of Illinois, and which shows the majority for the Republican candidates in each of the districts in 1888, and the Republican and Democratic majorities when the same men ran for re-election in 1890:

		1888.	1890.	
		Rep. Maj.	Rep. Maj.	Dem. Maj.
5	Hopkins.....	10,059	5,782	
6	Hitt.....	6,236	502	
7	Henderson.....	5,039	2,572	
8	Hill.....	3,142	.....	702
9	Payson.....	2,381	.....	1,021
10	Post.....	2,658	813	
11	Gest.....	2,077	.....	1,882
14	Roswell.....	1,830	.....	1,222
15	Cannon.....	2,693	.....	583
20	Smith.....	1,819	452	
	Majorities.....	44,690	10,126	5,415
	Net Rep. Maj...	44,690	4,711	

It will be seen that in 1888, before they had voted for the McKinley Bill, every one of the Republican candidates was elected, their majorities aggregating 44,690; while in 1890, after they had voted for the McKinley Bill, five of them were defeated, and all ten of them received only 4,711 more votes than their Democratic opponents—a net loss of almost 40,000 votes.

The Committee of Ways and Means in the present House of Representatives consists of eight Republicans and four Democrats. All of the Democratic members have been re-elected, while three of the Republicans have been defeated, and one (Bayne of Pennsylvania) declined a reëlection. The three defeated members are McKinley, Gear, and La Follette. Another (Payne of New York) had his former majority of 10,000 cut down to 2,000. A committee so constituted cannot have any real influence in the House. Such standing as it has is merely mechanical. It can obstruct business, but it can do nothing more. It can prevent a vote being taken on any measure to repeal or modify the McKinley tariff, whether the same shall be introduced by Republicans or by Democrats. It is altogether likely that some such measure or measures will be introduced by Republicans, and it is even possible that they might command a majority vote if a vote upon them could be obtained. McKinley will find a way, however, to block any such game, and the Speaker will help him if he needs help. Meanwhile, the McKinley Bill, with its tide of rising prices, will grind the faces of the people and prepare them for the next series of elections.

The demand of Western Republican newspapers that the Republicans shall reopen the tariff question and modify the McKinley Bill as soon as Congress meets, shows no sign of abatement. The clerk of the House Ways and Means Committee, who is also Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, informed his newspaper the other day that there is reason to believe that if the House could have an opportunity to vote on separate bills to make salt, lumber, wool, binding-twine, and other commodities free, and to restore the former rate on tin plate, some of them would prevail, but that the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee will not allow any such bills to come to a vote. In other words, the Reed-McKinley faction know that bills to reduce the tariff would pass the House—and if the House, the Senate also—if they were put to vote, and they will refuse to allow the majority a chance for a vote. The Omaha *Bee* says of this policy: "There is no valid reason why eight men in the House of Representatives should refuse to permit any change to be made in a law which the popular judgment of the country does not sustain, particularly in the event of proposed changes coming from the Republican side of the House, as doubtless some will. If the Committee shall pursue the arbitrary course suggested as probable by its clerk, the effect upon public opinion is very likely to be unfavorable, and assuredly the Republican party would lose thereby."

Among the McKinley muddles that are coming to light day by day, one of the most interesting is that which grows out of the Worsted Bill, which was passed on the 9th of May last. The worsted people could not wait for the regular McKinley Bill to give them what they wanted. Nor could they rest content with the decision of Secretary Windom that worsted goods were dutiable as woollen goods, although the Tariff Act of 1883 had made worsteds dutiable at a lower rate than woollens. So they went to Congress and persuaded McKinley to pass a special act for them in these words:

"That the Secretary of the Treasury be and he is hereby authorized and directed to classify as woollen cloths all imports of worsted cloth, whether known under the name of worsted cloth or under the name of worsteds, or diagonals, or otherwise."

It will be observed that this law does not in any way change the rates of duty on woollens or worsteds. It merely says that the Secretary of the Treasury shall classify worsteds as woollens. What might be the effect of such a law if the Secretary of the Treasury were the classifying officer of customs is at least doubtful, but he has nothing to do with classifications. Prior to the passage of the McKinley Administrative Bill, the Secretary could take action in classifications on appeal from decisions of the collectors, and not otherwise; but even this power is taken away from him now, and lodged with a Board of General Appraisers. Here is "a pretty kettle of fish." No wonder that the persons importing worsteds prior to the 6th of October, when the McKinley tariff went into effect, have put in claims for the difference between the worsted rate of the tariff of 1883 and the woollen rates in the same tariff, which difference is about 11 per cent. The case has been submitted to Judge Lacombe of the United States Circuit Court, under the McKinley Administrative Act. The General Appraisers have washed their hands of it, there being no facts in controversy, but merely a question of law. It looks as though Uncle Sam were about to be mulcted in a large sum for refunds again, but not so large as in the hat-trimmings case.

We are astonished to find people under arrest in Philadelphia, of all places in this world, on charges of smuggling carpet wool. Such a case was on trial there on Saturday. The alleged culprit is J. Henry Schmidt, a wool broker. He is charged with importing 162 bales of wool under an invoice describing the same as "cattle hair," which is free of duty. The wool was passed as hair by a customs examiner named Brearly, and the bulk of it was then sold to Thomas Dolan & Co. Mr. Dolan is President of the Manufacturers' Club in Philadelphia, and is a tremendous high-tariff man. The examination has not been concluded, and Mr. Schmidt is out on bail of $5,000, furnished by John Dobson, a carpet-manufacturer, and another great high-tariff light of the Quaker City. The Boston *Journal of Commerce*, commenting on the case, says, "The probabilities are, if the allegations are true, that there are more than the importer connected with the affair." But the allegations may not be true.

Congressman Dingley has told Editor Dingley that the recent advance in the price of carpets is not due to the increased duty on carpet wool, but to the fact that last year there was a glut in the carpet market and prices went down below cost and are now coming up to their normal price, and Editor Dingley has printed this statement in his newspaper, the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal*. Congressman Dingley ought not to deceive Editor Dingley with half-truths in this way. It is true that there was some overproduction of carpets last year, and that prices were unnaturally low. It is also true that the duty on carpet wool has been raised from two and one-half cents per pound (which is equal to 27 per cent. ad valorem) to 32 per cent. ad valorem. As all our carpet wool is imported, and none can be obtained without the 32 per cent. tax except by smuggling—which is an extremely hazardous undertaking—it follows that carpet-manufacturers must pay 8 per cent. more for their wool than formerly. In addition to this

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advance in cost there are a lot of new and embarrassing regulations in the McKinley Administrative Bill which have paralyzed the trade in Donskoi wools in the ports of Russia. Paralyzing foreign trade is the thing aimed at in both of the McKinley bills, as Congressman Dingley knows, and he ought to tell Editor Dingley so. The result has been to make the actual cost of carpets greater than formerly; so that while it is no doubt true that a small part of the recent advance in price is due to other causes, the greater part is due to McKinleyism and Dingleyism in the tariff.

If "a cheap coat makes a cheap man," it follows that a cheap coat must make a cheap child. In fact, the damage to the moral nature must be even greater in the case of the child, whose mind is in a plastic condition. We were consequently astonished to read the following statement in the Postmaster-General's advertisement in Friday morning's Philadelphia *Press*:

"Little Gretchen coats (6 to 12 years) at $7.50, worth $10 at least."

If "little Gretchen coats" are really "worth $10 at least," what right has John Wanamaker to sell them for the cheap price of $7.50? Does he not know that "cheap and nasty go together," and that "this whole system of cheap things is a badge of poverty"? Why does he help to infect the rising generation with the pernicious notion that there is some advantage in getting a coat for $7.50 instead of $10? Does he not see that the proper thing for a Sunday-school Superintendent of the McKinley stripe would be to advertise in this way?—

"Little Gretchen coats (6 to 12 years) at $10; sold by 'cheap and nasty' dealers at $7.50."

The *Photographic Times* exposes a piece of swindling in the McKinley Bill of which the photographers of the country are the victims. Albumenized paper under the tariff of 1883 was dutiable at 15 per cent. ad valorem. The article is not made in this country, and the photographers accordingly indulged the pleasing hope that it would be put on the free list. To their astonishment it was reported by the Committee of Ways and Means at 35 per cent. ad valorem. An agitation was started in the trade to prevent this increase of tax. Protests were sent to members of Congress in such numbers that the rate was reduced in the House bill to 25 per cent. ad valorem. In this form it passed both House and Senate. But in the "Committee of Conference on the *disagreeing votes* of the two houses" the duty on albumenized paper was raised to 35 per cent. ad valorem, and so it stands in the present law. When a similar trick was played in Conference Committee in 1883 with the duty on iron ore, Senator Aldrich explained, years afterwards, that it was done at the earnest solicitation of Senator Mahone of Virginia, who was not himself a member of the Conference Committee. Perhaps Senator Aldrich will tell at some future time at whose solicitation this trick was played with albumenized paper. Of course he knows.

The great increase in pensions is now engaging the attention of the Committee on Appropriations at Washington. The *Tribune's* correspondent says that the *deficiency* on account of pensions will be about $40,000,000. This means that the amount appropriated at the last session to carry the Government to the 30th of June next will fall short of the requirements by a sum nearly equal to the surplus left in the national-bank depositories by the Cleveland Administration. It will be remembered that there was a colloquy in the House last summer between Mr. Cannon, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and Mr. Dockery of Missouri on this subject. Mr. Dockery affirmed that the appropriations for pensions fell far short of the requirements for the fiscal year under existing law, and he charged that the intention of the majority was to make a false showing of economy for campaign purposes. Mr. Cannon replied that a deficiency bill was a regular thing, and that, since there would be another session of Congress before the end of the fiscal year, no harm could come from leaving the subject open for further light. The additional light has come in a blazing way. The *Tribune's* correspondent continues:

"The appropriation for the last fiscal year, including deficiencies, was $106,000,000; and the appropriations for the current year, including deficiencies, will be $137,000,000, an increase of $31,000,000, of which, according to Commissioner Raum, about $25,000,000 will be paid to pensioners added to the rolls by the law approved at the last session, and the rest to claimants whose pensions have been allowed or increased under prior laws."

If this is done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?

The more the New Hampshire controversy is examined, the more clearly does it appear that it is a case for the courts rather than for the politicians. It is simply this: Under the Constitution and laws of the State as they existed on the 4th of November, 1890, what towns and wards were entitled to choose members whose names should go upon the roll when the new House meets? The strength of the Democratic position is, that they desire a judicial determination of the questions. Indeed, their first step was to submit all the facts in the case to E. Rockwood Hoar, Attorney-General of the United States under Grant, and William G. Russell of Boston, and those eminent lawyers have just rendered an opinion which is fatal to the claims of the "if entitled" set of men to seats, and holds that of the "classed towns" only those could legally elect members this year whose turn it was under the old act passed after the census of 1880. The result of this, as we understand it, would be to give the control of the House at the start to the Democrats. It is hard to see how the extra session can result in any other way than to aggravate the existing trouble, and many Republicans were opposed to having it called. The true way out of the difficulty would seem to be to get the controversy before the Supreme Court of the State—a course to which the Republicans should interpose no objection, as the bench is composed of members of their party.

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* has discovered a "scheme" or "plot" to unseat Mr. Thomas B. Reed in the next Congress, as soon as it meets, on the pretext that the good man was elected in his district by "wholesale bribery and corruption." The correspondent says that "it is not difficult to understand the meaning and purpose of this Democratic plot." It may not be difficult for him, but for the rest of the community it is quite impossible. In fact, the story is incredible. We do not believe there are a dozen Democrats in the new Congress who would not subscribe according to their means to keep Mr. Reed in his place. In fact, they all want him there, under the influence of that ancient and, we admit, barbarous instinct which at one time made men enjoy gladiatorial shows and the consumption of primitive Christians by lions and tigers, and at a later period bull and bear-baiting, cock and dog-fighting. The coarser and more brutal a Democrat is, the more he desires to keep the poor "Czar" in his place in the Fifty-second Congress. He wants to bait him, in fact, and trample on him, and pay him off; and "flesh and blood," as the Quaker said, "can't blame him." If there be a "plot" or "scheme" to get Reed unseated, depend upon it it has been concocted by some of the good Samaritans among the Democrats, men blessed with more than the ordinary share of the finer feelings of our nature.

The relatively strong position of the banks of New York is shown by comparison with the latest official statement of the Joint Stock Banks of London, dated August 7, at which time these banks were fortifying themselves for the impending trouble due to Argentine speculations. The footings of the twelve Joint Stock Banks, the largest of which is the London and Westminster, show deposits £125,751,442, against cash on hand and in the Bank of England £15,493,128. In other words, the reserve is about 12 per cent. of the liability to depositors as against 25 per cent. here. The Bank of England itself keeps not more than 40 per cent. of the money of the other banks as a reserve against its liability to them. The Joint Stock Banks have, however, upwards of £25,000,000 invested in consols or other securities believed to be immediately convertible into cash. Experience shows that even consols are liable to considerable shrinkage in a panic.

It is fair to question the fidelity of a leader who has been acting as Mr. Parnell has been acting for the past three or four years. To pursue his own pleasure, for all this period, knowing well that discovery not only would discredit him, but might ruin the public enterprise in which he was engaged, was not the course of a faithful man. It was a poor return for the unlimited confidence

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which the Irish people had reposed in him. In truth, it would not be vituperation to call it an act of treachery. The controversy between the English and Irish, to which the affair has given rise, is not an academic dispute. If it were, the Irish might possibly get the best of it by citing numerous examples of unconcealed, unreprobated immorality among English public men. Unhappily, it is a dispute about a pressing problem of practical politics. The question is not whether the impunity some of the Irish propose to allow to Parnell can be matched by the impunity which the English have allowed to Fox, Palmerston, Wellington, and others too numerous to mention. The question is whether any such impunity for Parnell at this juncture may not ruin the Irish cause or indefinitely postpone its triumph. By no endeavor can English cant be made to cover Irish folly.

The Irish Home-Rule members of the House of Commons having committed what seems the immense folly of unanimously refusing to accept Mr. Parnell's resignation of the leadership of the party, Mr. Gladstone has announced, in an admirable letter, that he cannot maintain the old political alliance with the Irish party if Parnell remains in command of it. He will probably, in that case, withdraw this winter from the House of Commons, and leave the Irish Home-Rulers to fight their own battles. The Liberal party in general undoubtedly approve of this view of the situation. Their chief organs declare without hesitation that if the Irish persist in their determination, the Home-Rule cause is lost for the present. Lord Salisbury will probably in that case dissolve Parliament while the catastrophe is fresh in the public mind, and win an easy victory at the polls over the disheartened and confounded Liberals. The one ray of hope in the matter comes from the possibility that the vote of the Nationalist meeting is a complimentary one, simply, and that there is a secret understanding that, having received this testimonial, Parnell will, as of his own free will, retire from the scene.

The conviction of Dillon and O'Brien by the Clonmel court was a foregone conclusion, so that it cannot be said to have much political or other importance. The sentence is six months' imprisonment, which gives a right of appeal; but the law of conspiracy, as laid down in the Coercion Act, is such that nothing but a defect in procedure would make an appeal of any use, and the procedure is so simple, even simpler than that of a court-martial, that errors in it are almost impossible. Mr. Balfour, who is evidently very angry with them for running away and coming to America, has been telling an audience in the North of Ireland that their flight was a sham, and that he could not have prevented it if he had so desired, as they were out on bail. But this is a mere quibble. They could and would have been arrested, had it been possible, on a fresh warrant for some other offence. Nearly every Irish agitator commits offences by the half-dozen, under the Coercion Act, every week, and the question of prosecuting him in each case is decided on grounds of political expediency; so that Dillon and O'Brien might have been seized at any time before they got away, and, undoubtedly, would have been, had their intentions been known.

The question, what is a "political offence," or an "offence of a political character," which has been so much debated by the makers or critics of extradition treaties, has received an interpretation by the Queen's Bench in England which will probably govern the practice, of English tribunals at least, hereafter. The case was that of Castioni, a refugee from the canton of Ticino, in Switzerland, where he took part in the recent rising of the Liberals against the constituted authorities. There was a rush of the insurgents into the State-house at Ticino, and one of the members of the Government was killed at the head of the stairway by a shot, fired, nobody knew by whom, but Castioni was suspected. He fled to England, and his extradition as a murderer was demanded under the Extradition Treaty, and was ordered by the police magistrate. He then appealed to the Queen's Bench on a habeas corpus, and he was discharged by that tribunal after an elaborate discussion, both by bar and bench, of the meaning of the term "political character" as applied to offences under the English Extradition Act. John Stuart Mill, who took part in the discussion when the Act was passed, defined a political offence as "an offence committed in the course of or to further civil war, insurrection, or political commotion." The counsel for the Swiss Government fought hard against this definition, and contended that it must be shown that the act constituting the offence, if any, was necessary or likely to promote the movement in which the person was engaged at the time of committing the offence. The Court finally held that a political offence was "an act in furtherance of, or assisting in, a political rising or great dispute as to which of two parties should have the government of the State in its hands." It was clearly shown from the state papers of the Swiss Federal Government that the movement at Ticino was a movement of this description, and Castioni had no difficulty in showing that he had no knowledge of or spite against Rossi, the man who was killed.

But the judgment leaves unsettled the question how much of a "movement," or "rising," or "commotion" there must be to give offences against public order a "political character." The insurgents in Ticino were, as was shown by the result, the strongest and more numerous party in the State, and they rose against the neglect or refusal of the party in power to make the matter in dispute the subject of a *referendum*, or, in other words, to submit it to the popular vote when requested to do so in the manner prescribed by the Federal Constitution. Suppose they had been a small and comparatively insignificant body, and that their movement had been hopeless from the beginning in the eyes of all rational men. Would the killing of a man in the course of it have had a "political character"? Suppose, too, as in the Irish dynamite cases, the killing had been done in order to aid a political movement by simply terrorizing the Government, though without malice against the particular person killed, would this have been "a political offence"?

The scheme of Gen. Booth, the chief of the Salvation Army, for the relief and regeneration of the lowest class of city paupers and tramps, appears to be meeting with a good deal of encouragement from English philanthropists, and subscriptions are coming in towards the half-million dollars which he asks for to start it. It consists simply in the transportation of the good-for-nothing portion of the urban population to a series of farms, some close by, others farther away, and some in the colonies. The ne'er-do-weels are to pass from one to the other as their character is improved and their capacity is developed, until the fully regenerated finally get to the colonies. That the dregs of the city population cannot be redeemed without some tremendous effort on the part of the community everybody admits. Whether any effort short of a general remodelling of the social organization would suffice is the problem which General Booth's experiment proposes to solve. The initial difficulty he has to contend with is the getting of the money to prepare his farms. Then he has to get some legislation to enable him to constrain the broken-down people to leave town and engage in what nearly all of them consider the most repulsive kind of labor—work on a farm—and to keep them at it till they are improved. It would be easy enough to give him a chance at the criminals and paupers seeking public relief; but it remains to be seen how he could get legal control of the simple incompetents, the great army of the well-meaning or blameless, with whom everything goes wrong, and who are always dependent on somebody for the means of livelihood. Would it be possible to condemn them to association with the ordinary tramps and habitual criminals, who are really, as some one has well said, "belated savages"—that is, primitive men, relics of a vanished type of humanity, born out of date? The discipline of all these farms, too, would have to be that of an army, and would call for far more faculty for command than any military force, because it would deal with a far more unmanageable class than soldiers ever are. Gen. Booth estimates the number of ne'er-do-weels in the United Kingdom at 3,000,000. But he only proposes out of these to take charge of the "out-of-works, drunkards, and harlots." There must be a million of these, if his estimate of the whole number be correct. Looking at them, the old question again comes up—where is the administrative talent to officer such a host?

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CLEVELAND—AND HILL.

THE announcement is made through various sources, all likely to be authentic, that Gov. Hill has reached the conclusion that the Democratic tide in favor of Mr. Cleveland's renomination in 1892 is too overwhelming for him to attempt to resist it, and that the wisest course for him to pursue is to go to the United States Senate. The Governor's intimates say that he has been devoting much thought to the meaning of the recent elections, and has been examining carefully the Democratic expressions of opinion in the West and South, as to the bearing which those elections have upon the question of a Presidential candidate in 1892. It has not been difficult for him to discover that while there was very little in them which seemed to point to himself as a candidate, there was a great deal which pointed directly to Mr. Cleveland. He could perceive distinctly that there was in all parts of the country a general and spontaneous recognition of the fact that the Democratic victory was the outcome of Mr. Cleveland's famous tariff-reform message of 1887; but the most painstaking search failed to reveal anywhere, except in the columns of the Butler organ of 1884, signs of a belief that Gov. Hill had contributed anything to bring about the result.

In view of this decidedly one-sided condition of Democratic sentiment, the Governor is said to have reached the conclusion that the same hand of destiny which points to Mr. Cleveland's unanimous renomination for the Presidency, points to a chair in the Senate for David B. Hill. We think he is sound in this conclusion. His term as Governor will expire next year, and the prejudice against third terms is so strong that he will not venture to encounter it by running a third time. If he does not go to the Senate, therefore, he must consent to go into private life. There are those of his admirers, we believe, who think that he has in him elements which may secure for him a Presidential nomination in 1896, or at some other date in the near future; but we are sceptical on this point. His chief recommendation for such a nomination has been his alleged original sentiment, "I am a Democrat"; and while that has excited boisterous enthusiasm among "Jeffersonian Democrats" and in Tammany Hall, we have not been able to discover that it made much impression upon the country at large. It has been all that he had to oppose to Mr. Cleveland's tariff-reform services, and its effect as a rival attraction has been so slight that he himself has concluded to withdraw it. There is a possibility that it may develop into larger and more impressive dimensions in the future, and we therefore advise the Governor to keep it on hand for use in emergency.

The retirement of Gov. Hill will leave the way for Mr. Cleveland's renomination entirely unobstructed. No man can foresee what may happen between the present time and the meeting of the National Democratic Convention in the spring of 1892. What we wish to call attention to now is, the position which Mr. Cleveland holds before the country to-day. It can be said with absolute truth that he is his party's unanimous choice for the Presidential nomination at the moment when that party is at a higher point of popular strength than at any previous time since the war. There cannot be found, from one end of the country to the other, a single Democratic newspaper or a single Democratic leader or politician whose opinion is worth a moment's serious consideration, that does not say that the recent great victory, amounting to a political revolution without parallel in the history of the country, is so directly traceable to Mr. Cleveland's influence as to be literally his personal triumph. No public man of this generation has more conclusively demonstrated his right to be called a leader of his party. He has led it against its own will, and at the temporary sacrifice of his personal interests, to a higher and stronger position than its most sanguine members ever dreamed of its being able to occupy.

It is easy to see, as we look back over the field to day, that more has been gained for the country by Mr. Cleveland's defeat in 1888 than could have been gained by his election by what would necessarily have been a narrow majority. If he had succeeded in that contest, the Democrats would have been made so timid by their narrow escape from defeat that they would have been over-cautious. Nothing that they could have done or left undone could have helped the cause of tariff reform a hundredth part as much as the phenomenal blundering of the successful Republicans has helped it. Mr. Cleveland, by the boldness and self-sacrificing character of his famous tariff message, startled the whole country into a more thoughtful consideration of tariff questions than years of ordinary discussion could have brought about. He did not quite accomplish the miracle of so far educating sixty millions of people upon the tariff in a brief Presidential campaign that enough of them would vote, against a deeply rooted prejudice, to reëlect him; but he came very near to doing so. He got a popular majority of nearly 95,000 to come to his side. Then the Republicans came into power, and, by their partisan blindness, cupidity, and reckless defiance of public rights and public interests, showed the country the wisdom of what Mr. Cleveland had said, and gave, so clearly that the simplest mind could not fail to comprehend it, an object-lesson upon the chief principle of his political creed, that the tariff was nothing but a tax, and that unnecessary tariff duties meant unnecessary and burdensome taxation. This elementary truth in political economy has been mastered so firmly by the American people that it can never be forgotten. There will, we may rest assured, be no step backward on that point.

Great as we believe Mr. Cleveland's service to the country will prove to have been from the point of view of wise economic legislation, there is another and even higher benefit to be found in it. He has set to the youth of the country an example of courage and honesty in political life which will be of incalculable value. He has demonstrated that courage and honesty are not only admirable qualities, but that, in the phrase of the practical politician, they "pay" better in the long run than all others known to politics. It is before the stupendous popular success secured by the display of these qualities that Gov. Hill, one of the most expert practical politicians of modern times, has been forced to bow and retire with scarcely a handful of followers to show for his eight years of indefatigable and inexhaustible scheming and working. There is not a professional politician in either party to-day who would not rejoice to have behind him a popular support like Mr. Cleveland's, and there is not one who has anything approaching it. Mr. Cleveland risked his political fortunes upon his faith in the intelligence and honesty of the American people, and his victory will raise the standard of political morality in America for generations to come.

THE FOREIGN ENEMY.

WE have already several times recently complained of the cruel way in which our high-tariff friends treat the human understanding. Some of the demands they have lately made on it have been barbarous in the extreme. That a high tariff does not raise, and is not meant to raise, prices, but to lower them; that the McKinley Bill does not raise prices, and that the story that it does is a Democratic lie; that if it does raise prices it is a good thing, because high prices promote human happiness while low prices lower human character, *e. g.*, "A cheap coat makes a cheap man" (B. H.); that the foreigner pays our customs duties out of his own pocket; that the increase of price which follows increase of duties is not caused thereby; that manufacturers are able to pay higher wages by having the market value of their goods diminished; that the profitableness of international trade is a question of language; that money may be made in it by trading with people who speak Spanish or Portuguese, but not with people who speak English or French; that nevertheless we now lose tens of millions of dollars in trading with Cuba and Brazil, but do not mind it in the least, but keep on trading just the same; *e. g.*, "We lost $41,000,000 in Cuba, from which our imports were $52,000,000, and to which our exports were only $11,000,000. Forty-one millions is a pretty large sum to lose in one island in a single year. In the Republic of Brazil we lost $51,000,000; our imports from Brazil were $60,000,000; our exports to Brazil were $9,000,000" (J. G. B.)—all these, we say, are demands on the human intelligence which no merciful man or party ought to make.

The latest draft of this kind is the proposition—of which great use was made in the late canvass, and which the Republican press is now using largely for defensive purposes—that the sorrow of foreign nations over the passage of the McKinley Bill, and their joy over the defeat of its authors at the late elec-

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tion, indicate hostility to the American people. Of all the mediæval ideas with which the high-tariff brain is stuffed, this is probably the most mischievous. All over Europe, from the fall of the Roman Empire down to the discovery of America, the foreigner was considered by the bulk of the community a national enemy, no matter in what guise he came. He mostly came, it is true, for purposes of robbery and murder, but his malignity when he came for purposes of trade was considered hardly less doubtful. For what was his design in trying to trade with other countries than his own? Simply to get hold of their gold and silver and take it away to bury it in the ground in the pot in which, in those days, he kept his bank balance. Accordingly, he was looked on as little less than a marauder, and many royal ordinances were passed to discourage his coming, or, if he did come, to prevent his getting away with the gold.

This view of international relations has died out in every variety of intellect except the tariff intellect. There it holds its own firmly. That you can trade profitably with a foreigner, or that a foreign trader can be a harmless, friendly person, is something which this type of mind steadily refuses to believe. The modern philanthropist or theologian expends his rhetoric on it in vain. He may talk as much as he pleases about the march of science, about steam, electricity, ether, human brotherhood, and the parliament of man; his audience is sure to fly in alarm if a foreigner appears laden with goods for purposes of exchange.

Let any one who thinks that in saying all this we are dealing in extravagance or burlesque, ask himself why we consider the rejoicing of the English over the popular condemnation of the McKinley Bill a sign of hostility. Is it not because they want to sell us cheap goods in exchange for some of ours? Why did they lament over its passage? Was it not because they thought it would reduce the quantity of cheap goods they could sell us? Can there be anything more mediæval than the notion that a man who desires to sell you cheap goods is necessarily an enemy? Suppose a man were to apply this doctrine to our domestic trade, what would his friends say? Suppose that when a drummer from Massachusetts offering him cheap cottons, or from Pennsylvania offering him cheap Wanamaker clothes, or from Chicago offering him cheap hams, entered his office, he was to receive him revolver in hand, and drive him forth with execrations, as having designs on his property or domestic peace, would not his family sorrowfully apply for a commission *de lunatico?* In the more enlightened portion of the modern world, joy at the prospect of being able to sell us goods, and sorrow over the discovery that we have decided to place our orders elsewhere, is considered a sign of amity and good will, in so far as it is considered as an indication of any moral condition whatever. A desire to "do business" with a man is everywhere now among civilized men taken as a compliment, although when manifested too freely, as in the case of the book agent or life-insurance agent, it may become annoying. But, owing to the curiously twisted condition of the high-tariff mind, to the American protectionist the sight of a foreigner coming to trade inspires the same sort of fear and hate as the appearance of Capt. Cook excited in the breasts of the Hawaiians.

THE POPULAR VOICE IN THE ELECTIONS.

FULL returns have been received on the Congressional vote in nearly all the States, and an examination of them reveals much that is instructive for politicians and students of politics. The great general fact which the figures from all the States show, almost without exception, is that thousands of Republican voters stayed away from the polls. They were too much dissatisfied with the conduct of their own party to vote for its candidates, but they were not sufficiently dissatisfied with it to vote with the Democratic party. This is the general showing of the official figures. In some of the Western States there were many Republicans who were too indignant to be merely passive in their anger, and who voted with the Democrats. This was notably the case in Iowa and Illinois. We will take for examination the total Congressional votes of four typical States, New York and Massachusetts in the East, and Iowa and Illinois in the West, as being best calculated to disclose the nature of the popular verdict upon the tariff question.

The full returns from the thirty-four Congressional districts of New York State are now at hand with the exception of the Democratic vote in the Thirty-first District, which will not materially affect the grand total. We have estimated it in the table at 12,000. The figures for all the other districts are official:

NEW YORK.

District.	1890.		1888.	
	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
1	19,024	14,014	24,374	22,711
2	22,237	15,027	23,497	17,625
3	15,537	15,479	18,410	21,281
4	18,350	8,434	20,987	14,460
5	16,298	10,795	18,613	16,469
6	10,170	5,574	13,079	9,833
7	10,855	4,351	16 739	8,343
8	15,958	3,840	24,605	3,156
9	14,252	4,402	18,267	7,320
10	13 884	5,288	13,749	12,016
11	17,033	8,850	20,073	15,619
12	19,160	7,187	25,546	12,273
13	28,268	11,820	28,580	19,412
14	18,391	12,211	22,485	18,356
15	14,430	13,061	18,284	18,358
16	4,423	13,424	6,370	18,912
17	15,438	13,429	20,217	21,826
18	15,939	17,285	19,717	23,639
19	18,020	12,912	21,294	18,988
20	16,838	18,369	20,665	23,966
21	9,820	13,313	1,063	21,361
22	9,115	13,891	13,582	24,309
23	12,164	11,705	18,387	20,119
24	14,127	13,928	17,273	18,532
25	11,455	17,282	6,691	24,672
26	14,112	17,804	18,955	26,267
27	15,976	17,962	18,327	28,803
28	12,436	12,349	15,564	16,822
29	13,369	14,722	16,969	21,794
30	15,047	14,796	16,166	21,810
31	12,000	13,716	14,032	19,506
32	21,213	16,240	20,859	22,468
33	12,597	10,793	15,705	15,141
34	10,128	15,817	12,027	27,453
Total.	508,873	420,250	581,317	634,084

1888—Democrats..... 15 Republicans 19
1890—Democrats..... 22 Republicans 12

The most impressive fact brought out by these figures is that the Democrats have carried the State by a majority of 88,623. This surpasses anything they have ever had except the extraordinary majority given to Mr. Cleveland for Governor in 1882. In this, as in the other tables which follow, we have made the comparison with the Congressional vote of 1888. Ordinarily the fairest comparison would be with the vote cast on the last preceding "off-year." But the vote at the Congressional election of 1886 cannot be taken as a basis for comparison with the vote of 1890, for the reason that the tariff issue played a very small part in that contest. By comparison with the vote cast in a Presidential election there is danger of an erroneous impression being made because of the fact that there is, in all elections on other years, a great falling-off in the total vote of both parties. This should be borne in mind in examining the tables. In running the eye down the columns of the New York table it will be seen at a glance that the Democrats this year have in nearly every instance come much nearer to polling the vote cast in 1888 than the Republicans have. When we reach totals, this fact comes out with startling clearness. The total vote of both parties this year is 929,123, against 1,215,401 in 1888. Here is a total falling off of 286,278 votes. The total Republican vote this year is 213,834 smaller than that of 1888, while the total Democratic vote is only 72,444 smaller. In other words, nearly the entire missing vote can be traced to the Republicans. In 1888 the Republicans had a majority of 52,767 on the Congressional vote. This has now given place to a Democratic majority of 88,623. If there be any comfort for the Republicans and McKinley-tariff advocates in these figures, they are welcome to it.

If now we take Massachusetts, we find substantially the same showing as in New York:

MASSACHUSETTS.

District.	1890.		1888.	
	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
1	6,488	8,502	5,103	14,588
2	10,518	11,440	13,388	17,072
3	14,952	11,075	10,338	14 780
4	11,781	4,175	14,749	6,718
5	13,136	10,809	13,465	14,929
6	12,562	14,586	14,304	19,508
7	10,909	12,512	12,224	16,796
8	11,079	10,547	11,273	14,493
9	11,440	11,200	13,678	15,714
10	10,323	10,707	12,050	13,065
11	9,223	9,026	11,519	15,335
12	12,105	11,712	11,826	14,853
	134,507	126,291	149,917	178,671

1888—Democrats.....2 Republicans 10
1890—Democrats.....7 Republicans 5

It will be seen that the total vote this year is 260,798 as compared with 328,588 in 1888, a falling off of 67,790. Of this loss no less than 52,380 is upon the Republican side, the Democrats having come within about 15,000 of their vote in the Presidential year.

When we go West, however, it becomes apparent that thousands of Republican voters of that section have burned their bridges and gone over to the Democratic party. The following table of the Iowa districts shows this fact unmistakably:

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IOWA.

District.	1890.		1888.	
	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
1	17,322	16,394	17,256	18,130
2	21,941	13,837	20,874	15,842
3	19,458	19 688	16,872	21,457
4	18,438	16,852	16,630	18,852
5	18,153	17,858	16,937	19,447
6	17,073	15,534	17,181	18,009
7	14,256	16,821	13,027	18,424
8	18,886	19,003	18,212	19,207
9	18,605	17,318	16,686	20,380
10	17,139	18,307	15,496	20,864
11	14,966	*15,945	15,213	21,472
Total....	196,237	188,557	184,384	212,084

1888—Democrats..... 1 Republicans..... 10
1890—Democrats..... 6 Republicans..... 5

It is apparent at a glance that the total vote here is almost equal to that of 1888, being only about 11,000 less. When the Republican votes of the two years are compared, it will be noticed that that of this year is 23,477 less than that of 1888, while the Democratic vote of this year is more than 11,000 greater than that of 1888. In fact, in every district except two the Democrats have gained upon their vote in the Presidential year. There were few Farmers' Alliance votes in this State. The tariff issue was pressed more directly and systematically in Iowa than in any other State, through the efforts of the Reform Club of this city, and the result is the most convincing proof possible of the importance to the Democratic party of educating the people on this subject.

The Illinois table, in an almost equal degree, illustrates the facts brought out by that of Iowa :

ILLINOIS.

District.	1890.		1888.	
	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.
1	21,796	22,235	22,607	26,553
2	17,383	6,750	10,051	12 969
3	20,069	17,033	21,295	23,671
4	19,?35	19,173	19,755	22,273
5	9,694	15,845	10,013	20,077
6	13,517	17,028	11,903	18,139
7	10,374	12 946	11,341	10,380
8	17,496	16,794	17,454	20,596
9	15,427	14,480	14,490	16,871
10	15,576	16,194	16,166	18,824
11	19,334	17,461	17,580	10,657
12	20,804	13,336	21,938	16,628
13	20,951	15,946	21,364	18,450
14	16,670	1?,448	16,740	18,570
15	19,010	18,428	17,204	19,397
16	17,473	15,957	17,742	17,037
17	16,700	9 861	10,385	14,775
18	16,279	14,529	16,167	16,151
19	18,410	12,613	18,686	15,616
20	16,273	17,580	17,186	19,005
Total...	343,041	308,537	329,472	357,139

1888—Democrats..... 7 Republicans..... 13
1890—Democrats..... 14 Republicans..... 6

Here we have a total vote 35,023 less than that of 1888, and a Republican vote of 48,602 less, while the Democrats have made a gain of 13,569 upon their vote of the Presidential year. The Republican loss is practically uniform throughout the State, while the Democratic gain is regular and large—exceptionally large in the ten farming districts.

*Farmers' Alliance candidate, 4,271.

LIBERALITY TO PASTRY-COOKS.

We are assured by Macaulay, whose information was equally unhesitating and positive on all subjects, that the chief recipients of literature not otherwise in request are the pastry-cooks. Thus he tells us that each week Major Scott, whom Warren Hastings *unfortunately* selected as his counsel, produced a new pamphlet which found its way into the hands of those useful members of society. On this point we shall have no dispute with the great essayist. We shall assume that his knowledge of the needs of pastry-cooking was complete and well-grounded; and, taking it for granted that the necessities of the business are the same to-day, we propose to show that the prospect of supplies is exceedingly promising, especially at the hands of the Government of the United States.

For many years a standing topic for trite jesters has been the agricultural reports, with embellished pages that suggest a pictorial account of the possessions of Jacob, when the flocks conceived before the rods, "and brought forth cattle ringstreaked, speckled, and spotted." Although this publication may originally have been designed, in part, at least, to answer the ends of the culinary art, it has been diverted to other uses. It is seldom seen in the great centres of cooking. It is chiefly distributed by the bagful among rural constituencies as a souvenir of support in the past and an incitement to loyalty in the future. Having ponderously performed this function, it lies for a time neglected on the table, and is ultimately utilized in kindling the winter's fires.

Perhaps more useful from the point of view of cookery is the *Congressional Record.* While its distribution is not so strictly rural as that of the agricultural reports, it is, probably for that reason, still less read, and the amplitude of its pages renders it peculiarly available for pastry. It is a pregnant illustration of the cloying effect of extreme verbosity on the public taste. There was a time when the reports of Congressional debates were widely perused. But the habit of reading speeches in Congress, together with the abuse of the leave to print essays never delivered, has taken from the discussions the flavor of controversy and argument which once awakened the public interest and whetted the public appetite.

Without going through the list of publications, scientific and political, from which supplies may be drawn, we may come at once to a new department of public printing, which may be described as that of Unknown Law and Unknown Tongues. To ward off the eager approach and competition of the scientific, we may say that this department is not within the domain of antiquarian research or of speculative prediction. Its unknown quality is simply and strictly unknowable. It need, therefore, excite no feeling beyond the temporary repugnance which such an announcement may naturally arouse, until the demonstration of the hopelessness of inquiry compels acquiescence.

The first publication in the new department is entitled "Extra-territorial Criminal Jurisdiction and its Effect on American Citizens." It was referred to the Committee on Printing on July 25, 1890, and on the 14th of the following month was reported and ordered to be printed. As published, it forms a document of only forty-five pages, but it is all available for the purposes of cookery. Beginning with the topic of libel, it lays down the following luminous rule: "The writer or publisher of a libel, in circulating his libellous paper abroad, does not commit a second offence; circulating being the purpose of publishing, circulating and publishing are united to causal relationship. The circumference of the circulation of a malicious libel may only be regarded as a measure of the degree of maliciousness of the libeller, and, in consequence of that, referred to it in limiting the punishment." Passing by the discussion of other rules, we find the consummate application of the various jurisdictional principles worked out in the treatment of the German Dynamite Law. At the outset, the author declares himself to be an advocate of codification in the following manner: "Since emanation of her *organic* criminal statute-book (in 1871), Germany has indulged in continuous *special* legislation on different matters brought under criminal aspect. By such action, so contrary to German method of scientific systematizing, German criminal legislation, past 1871, lost its rational coherence and systematic connection. That is the curse of all inorganic legislation." Following this is an exposition of the vicious characteristics of the German Dynamite Law, but its full enormity is not laid bare until the end of the treatise, which concludes as follows:

Take for instance the following case:

I return, on a visit trip, to Germany. There I meet two Germans, whom I knew in St. Louis, but who were bitterly opposed to me on account of political or private or business reasons.

They denounce me and swear:

"We met this man every noon at the table of Tony Faust in St. Louis; at the 1st January we overheard him at such opportunity bespeaking with other ones, we shall be able to identify, the plan of perpetration of a dynamite crime."

I would have to answer, that I remember very well to have often met those two witnesses at the table of Tony Faust in St. Louis; that I was there at the 1st January, too, with two gentlemen, and that we had a pleasant dinner-talk, perhaps *we chatted* about some dynamite affair in an innocent way; but we did not plan any perpetration, etc.

Now, what can I do, if those two witnesses *swear?*

I am not able to produce those two gentlemen with whom I chatted at the 1st January; they were tradesmen; one has gone to Mexico —I don't know where there—and the other one had disappeared to Canada.

With the aid of two Pinkerton detectives, to be appointed for that purpose here by the German secret police, every offensive German-American returning to the mother country can be indicted on the ground of section 6 of the Dynamite Law. There are people, and especially Pinkertonians, that swear to anything desired of them,

I should think the United States would do better not to wait for the actual appearance of such a case, but to prevent its eventuality.

The publication of this treatise is full of promise—for pastry-cooks.

THE PROPOSED BRIDGE OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

At many different times since 1802, when Mathieu, a French engineer, submitted to Bonaparte, then First Consul, elaborate plans for a tunnel under the English Channel, plans for effecting a "dry land" connection between the island and the Continent have occupied the attention of English and French engineers and statesmen. In 1856 M. Thomé de Gamond,

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after careful geological investigations, completed plans for a tunnel to be bored by sinking shafts through islands, artificially constructed in the line of his proposed tunnel, and driving to the right and left after the manner of tunnelling on land. This scheme was referred to a commission, by order of the Emperor of France, but appears to have gone no further. Many engineers have thought it impracticable to tunnel through the Channel bed, and have proposed various kinds of submerged tubes. Mr. Bateman, an ex-President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, proposed to solve the difficulty by means of a cast-iron tube, thirteen feet in diameter and four inches thick, laid in sections of ten feet in length. Other devices have been suggested by those who have thought a tunnel of any kind offered too many difficulties to be overcome. M. Boutet had a rather wild scheme for an iron bridge, which was carefully investigated by the late Emperor Napoleon and was warmly supported in France; but a little observation showed very clearly that the flexibility of iron rendered any such project a vain hope.

In 1882, John Fowler, the well-known English engineer, asserted that the objections to either bridge or tunnel were so great that they were never likely to be overcome, and argued at length in favor of his alternative, "huge floating railway stations, which would traverse at a high rate of speed the distance between the English and French coasts." This plan of transporting trains on ferry-boats had been embodied in a bill ten years before, and, after being approved by the Commons, had been killed by the Lords. Mr. Fowler's resurrection of the plan seems to have had no result. Sir Henry Bessemer's attempt to alleviate the sufferings of Channel passengers by means of a swinging saloon centrally placed in a large steamer, was interesting as an experiment. Unhappily, the steamer proved so unwieldy that on her trial trip, in May, 1875, she demolished about one hundred feet of the Calais pier.

The relieving of sea-sickness, however, has never been the first object of those interested in these enterprises. The vast trade that was carried on between England and the East, formerly, when the profits of the undertaking depended on speed of transportation, took its way through France, Mt. Cenis, and Italy, and, by ship, from Brindisi to the east coast of the Mediterranean. Since the construction of the Gothard line, however, the trade has been diverted from the French road to the shorter route which lies through Holland, Germany, and Gothard. The danger that France would be cut off completely from this trade was still more increased by the construction of the Eastern railroad extension to Salonica and Constantinople. To save for themselves any real share in the through traffic, French railroads, by the lowest possible rates, by a hastened forwarding of goods, by abolishing or lessening transfers, by lightening duties, and by other means, must offer to shippers inducements that will compensate for the disadvantages of a longer route. Any artificial or arbitrary means, however, would surely cause a rate-war which would entail ruinous losses to the railroads. A dry-land connection, therefore, with England, which would make possible a through trade without transfers of goods, and would guarantee the traffic to France, is looked upon by that country as of the highest importance. Merchants and consumers of England have scarcely less to gain, as the improved transportation facilities would increase trade and lower prices.

It was these considerations which led England in 1876, after the geological investigations of Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins had demonstrated the practicability of successfully boring through the chalk beds at the bottom of the Channel, to enter into negotiations with France, by which it was agreed that the tunnel between the two countries should be built. A company was organized, $400,000 in France and $300,000 in England were expended in preliminary work, and arrangements had been made for boring 2.5 miles from each coast, about a fifth of the whole distance. In the meantime, however, a perfect storm of opposition had been aroused in conservative England. It was argued that England's supremacy was largely due to her insular position, and anything that tended to lessen her insularity was a blow at her future peace and prosperity. Lord Dunsany published in the *Nineteenth Century*, for March, 1882, an article in which he quoted the opinion of "a high military authority," well known to be Lord Wolseley, that, in spite of the most careful precautions, in spite of the most skilful devices for flooding or blowing up the tunnel in time of danger, a possibility would always exist for a bold adventurer to surprise the posts controlling the tunnel, and hold open a road for the invasion of England by all Europe. A paper war ensued: every journal and magazine in England argued the pros and cons. It was a question between commercial advantage and military security, real or fancied. The fears of England were thoroughly aroused, and, with a change in the Government, came a change of policy. On April 3, 1882, the Board of Trade ordered the Channel Tunnel Company not to proceed with further boring.

France, however, undismayed by the failure of the tunnel scheme, almost immediately set about devising means for bridging the Channel. The *Zeitung des Vereins Deutscher Eisenbahn-Verwaltungen* for the 20th of September last gives an account of the origin of this latest undertaking, and the plans that are proposed. In 1887 Admiral Cloué, Minister of Marine, succeeded in interesting in plans for a bridge the director of the iron works of Creuzot, Mr. Schneider, and the ex-President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, Mr. Hersent, who acquired a name by the part he took in the work of the Suez and Panama Canals, as well as the two English engineers, John Fowler and Benjamin Baker, who had become well known by their building the Forth bridge. These gentlemen believe they have proved the practicability of a steel railroad bridge; and, to carry out their plans, the Channel Bridge Company was organized in England, and, on December 3, 1889, received a charter from the French Minister of Public Works. According to this plan the bridge will take the path indicated by nature, which combines the shortest distance and the least depth, and runs from Folkestone in England to a point near Cape Gris Nez in France. This line is about 23.39 miles in length, and lies over two shallows which will lighten greatly the labor of erecting the piers. These two shallows lie approximately in the middle of the Channel, and over them the water has a depth of only seven to eight metres. The space between the shallows and between one of them and the English coast has, too, only a depth of twenty-four to twenty-seven metres, but between the other and the French coast, for some distance, the Channel bed lies nearly fifty-five metres below the surface at flood-tide.

The bridge proper will rest upon huge metal crossbeams of 100 to 500 metres span; the crossbeams will be supported by metal piers, which will, in turn, rest upon foundation piers of masonry. These foundation piers are to be built in caissons so arranged that they can be floated from the shore to the desired spot and there sunk to the ground, which will have been previously carefully prepared. The height of the foundation piers will be fifteen metres above the surface, and on each of them are to be erected two cylindrical metal piers, forty metres high, and on these finally will rest the main beams of the bridge platform. At ebb tide the clear height will be sixty-one metres and at flood tide fifty-four metres. The bridge platform will have a breadth of eight metres for two tracks, each 1 5 metres wide. To avoid all possibility of slipping, and to obtain as much resistance as possible to the wind, the rails will be grooved. To satisfy any opposition to the plan on grounds of military expediency, a means has been devised by which, in case of war, one or two spans of the bridge can be made impassable; moreover, in case of necessity, the whole bridge could be readily destroyed by ironclads. The undertaking is almost unprecedented in its vastness. It is calculated that the weight of the bridge will be about 850 000 tons, that the cost will approximate $172,000,000, and that ten to twelve years will be needed for the completion of the work.

As yet this bridge exists only on paper and in the minds of a few engineers. However, the French Minister of Public Works has, by agreement with the Cabinet, appointed a committee, under the leadership of Messrs. Schneider and Hersent, to investigate the plan, and in France the undertaking appears to be on the road to success. The danger again threatens from England. The *Daily Telegraph* says:

"The plan is very fine, but it is unnecessary to ask whether a further pursuit of it will repay the pains, as England will never give her consent. We need neither bridge nor tunnel to connect our island with a mainland, bristling with soldiers, especially with a country whose irritable and adventurous people have stood opposed to us in bitter hostility for a hundred years past, and are not even now reckoned friendly to us.

It is, indeed, much to be doubted whether men like Lord Wolseley, whose latest fear, if he be correctly reported, is that civilized nations are to be shortly driven from Europe by invading hordes of Orientals, or a people which believes that its high position among the nations of the world would be destroyed by a tunnel, can ever reconcile themselves to any plan of a dry-land connection between their island and the mainland. Of the great advantage in increased facilities for trade and lessened discomfort to thousands of passengers who annually cross the "silver streak" in misery, there can be, however, not the slightest question.

"BEAU AUSTIN" AT THE HAYMARKET.

LONDON, November 4, 1890.

IT is a pleasant theory of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the author of "Hoodman Blind" and "Judah," that the English stage cannot be redeemed from mediocrity until the play-going public cease to assign a secondary position to the dramatic author, and to be indifferent to the literary and intellectual side of his work. But Mr. Jones argues too exclusively from his own experience: when this literary side does exist, it is readily recognized, and the author receives his due prominence. It is, for example, the fact that the authors of "Beau Austin" are Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. W. E. Henley, which made the first performance of that play, at the Haymarket Theatre, yesterday evening, the most important dramatic event of the London winter season.

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It is true that, even if the play had been but a new creation by an ill-appreciated dramatist the occasion would still be noteworthy, since it marks a new departure in modern London stage management. During the last year or two there has been in the English press much discussion of the theatre and all things theatrical. Present evils were then attributed principally to actor-managers and long runs. The only practical outcome of all the excitement was a determination on the part of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, one of the most conspicuous among the actor-managers, to devote Monday evenings in his theatre—the Haymarket—to new and original plays, even if the piece given during the rest of the week was enjoying a phenomenal success. By doing this the manager could encourage the British drama, which, it is said, languishes because young dramatists of talent, often of genius, have no hope of getting their work accepted and having it properly tested; while the actor would provide himself with wider scope for his powers and escape the pitfall of mannerism into which long runs but too frequently precipitate him. This scheme cannot be too highly commended. Moreover, it is but in keeping with Haymarket traditions, for even in Hazlitt's time it had been the immemorial practice in this theatre to bring out every season a number of new pieces, good, bad, or indifferent. One can only regret that Mr. Tree's capacity as actor falls so far short of his generous ambition as manager. Yesterday evening was the first of these Mondays, and this is why the occasion in itself was notable.

Far more interest, however, centres upon the work of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley. It is a refreshing novelty to see a modern English play in which manner is as carefully considered as matter, and artistic effect is preferred to melodramatic morality. Only the other day, Mr. Rider Haggard explained, with feeling, that he objected to a proposed English Academy of Letters, because in it men who thought chiefly of style would find no place for those who were all for matter and spirit! This is the attitude that prevails in the dramatic world. What if the English of Mr. Jones be that of a bagman (I am using the English argument, and therefore the English word)—is not his ethical meaning fine? What if Mr. Herman Merivale's blank verse be atrocious, does not his "Ravenswood" serve as the reason for another series of beautiful Lyceum pictures? But one was certain beforehand that Mr. Henley and Mr. Stevenson would both cheerfully sacrifice ethics and meretricious sensationalism rather than that perfect form without which there can be no true work of art; and in this respect "Beau Austin" was no disappointment.

The plot is simple. The scene is laid in those Georgian days, as Mr. Henley says in his Prologue,

> "Whose style still breathed a faint and fine perfume
> Of old-world courtliness and old-world bloom:
> When speech was elegant and talk was fit,
> For slang had not been canonized as wit;
> When manners reigned, when breeding had the wall,
> And Women—yes!—were ladies first of all;
> When Grace was conscious of its gracefulness,
> And Man—though Man!—was not ashamed to dress.
> A brave formality, a measured ease,
> Were his—and hers—whose effort was to please."

Beau Austin, a very prominent type of the time—to be exact, 1820—is, as the title explains, the hero of the play. Six months before it opens, he, then quite an elderly beau, had, after the fashion of his kind, seduced a young and beautiful girl, *Dorothy Musgrave*, of a good county family. He had then at once deserted her. But the six months find them back again at Tunbridge Wells, the scene of his conquest and her fall. She has not, however, yet met or heard from him when, in the first act, an old lover from home, *John Fenwick* by name, follows her to the Wells to offer himself in marriage. His honest, devoted love so touches her by the contrast with the baseness of her other lover, that in her desire to be true to him whom she can now never marry, she tells him the story of her frailty. He easily guesses the name of his unworthy rival, and determines to have his life. But *Dorothy* confesses her love for the *Beau*, and *Fenwick* promises, for her sake, to forego his revenge, as he has already lost his happiness. More than this, so great is still his own love that he resolves to save her from disgrace. He goes to see *Beau Austin*, whom he does not know, and so eloquently appeals to his generous heart, which the world's code of honor has not totally destroyed, that the *Beau* is moved and prevailed upon, for the first time in his long career as *roué*, to repair his fault. He hastens at once to the girl he has wronged—the last, as he a little before boasted, of many victims—and asks her to honor him with her hand. But *Dorothy* refuses; thanks to him, she is no longer worthy to be the wife of any gentleman; his reparation is too tardy; it should have been made six months sooner. The *Beau*, penitent and humiliated, learns too late the greatness of the love he has forfeited, and pleads for pardon at least, even if she will not accept his hand.

Now, in the meantime, *Dorothy's* younger brother, *Anthony*, whom she cared for as a child, and over whose education she watched, and who is now an officer in the army, has come down from London to Tunbridge. He has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, and is full of his responsibility as head of the family. The poor boy learns quickly enough how heavy this responsibility is. He hears from *Barbara*, the maid, of his sister's disgrace. He is at once for challenging the *Beau*, but *John Fenwick* interferes, and he promises to await the result of the *Beau's* visit. When *Dorothy* tells him there is to be no marriage because she will none of it, he refuses to believe her, and swears to her he will kill her lover or perish himself. Foreseeing this, the reformed *George Austin* had arranged to leave not only Tunbridge, but England immediately. But under royal orders to attend the *Duke of York*, then at the Wells, that very afternoon, his going must be postponed till the morrow. To prevent the challenge, since he has promised *Dorothy* never to meet her brother in mortal combat, he seeks to spread the rumor of his proposal and the rejection of his suit. Unfortunately, *Anthony* does not hear it in time, and, knowing from his sister of her seducer's proposed departure, he appears before him just when he is in attendance on the *Duke of York*, and insults him. When the *Beau* pays no heed to the insult, *Anthony* strikes him in the face.

There is a tremendous sensation on the Pantiles, where this scene takes place. And then the *Beau*, faithful to his promise and ever a gentleman, explains to his Royal Highness and the assembled company the situation so as to reflect ridicule upon himself, and yet make his acceptance of the challenge so given seem even more ridiculous. He has been, he says, refused by *Miss Musgrave;* he then has presumed to make advances through her maid. But "the maid derided, the mistress denied, and now comes in this very ardent champion who publicly insults" him. *Dorothy*, overwhelmed at his generosity, throws herself at his feet and tells him to do with her what he will. The *Beau*, in an agony at this public exhibition of affection, raises her quickly and presents her to the *Duke* as *Mrs. George Frederick Austin*, and the curtain falls. The plot, it will be seen, simple as it is, is dramatic, and has many good, and a few powerful, situations.

Where the excellences are many, it is best to point out the defects at once, and it must be admitted that there is one very serious blemish in the construction of the piece. This is the utter improbability of the chief incident upon which the plot turns. That a man of *Beau Austin's* life and character should suddenly be led into the path of virtue by the Quixotic appeal of a young man who is an utter stranger to him, would be simply impossible off the stage. His rôle of seducer was as much a part of his character as *Beau* as foppishness in dress. And this, it must be remembered, was very far from being the first affair of the kind in which he had been engaged. "If I had married every lady by whom it is my fortune—not my merit—to have been distinguished, the Wells would scarce be spacious enough for my establishment," is his boast in the text. His theory of love is also best explained in his own words:

> "Is not love a warfare? Has it not rules? Have not our fair antagonists their tactics, their weapons, their place of arms? And is there not a touch of—pardon me the word!—of silliness in one who, having fought and having vanquished, sounds a parley and capitulates to his own prisoner? Had the lady chosen, had the fortune of war been other, 'tis like she had been Mrs. Austin. . . . You know the world."

I quote these two passages because they illustrate so admirably the accepted theory of gallantry in those late Georgian days, into the spirit of which Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley have so thoroughly entered. But both were left out by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, less from prudishness, I fancy, than from the realization that they can but add weakness to a scene already sadly lacking in strength.

The last act also could be much improved. The introduction of a speechless *Duke of York* reminds one too forcibly that he is there merely for the convenience of the dramatists whose puppet he is; the machinery here is just a little too apparent. Artistic effect is always lessened when the artist takes us into the secret of his methods.

But if the *Beau's* reform could be believed in, if the presence of a mere royal automaton could be forgiven, there would remain nothing but praise. The play is well constructed; it has plenty of action. The characters are well defined; they live, and are not mere puppets like the unfortunate *Duke*. There is no attempt to teach a moral lesson—what a happy gulf between a *Dorothy* and a *Nora!* And this is no small merit now that dramatists and actors in England are so mightily concerned with the ethics of the stage. There is no desire to give expression to personal predilections or fads. The authors are not fired with the fever of modernity, nor are they ambitious to figure as *fin-de-siècle* experts. They have confined themselves to their business as writers of a play, and have not sought to do the work of the scientist, the missionary, or the philanthropist. Having laid the scene seventy years ago, they realize the life of that time so naturally and unobtrusively that, clever as is Mr. Beerbohm Tree's stage realization, the play never degenerates into a mere fashion-plate or picture-book of a bygone age, as do but too many Lyceum adaptations from the past.

But, best of all is the dialogue: racy, witty, polished, it has the true literary flavor, which in the average modern English play is con-

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spicuous by its absence. It might be almost too polished for the careless talk of to-day, but it is in perfect keeping with that Georgian era "when speech was elegant." There are many passages which, in their expressive simplicity and musical use of words, are delightful examples of Mr. Stevenson's style, for here his share in the work is unmistakable:

"*Anthony*, I have tried to be a good sister," *Dorothy* says to her brother, when urging him not to seek a duel with the *Beau*; "I brought you up, dear, nursed you when you were sick, fought for you, loved you. Think of it, think of the dear past, think of our own home and the happy winter nights, the castles in the fire, the long shining future, the love that was to forgive and suffer always."

And throughout, there is this same touch, this same charm. To compare *John Fenwick's* love-making with similar scenes in "Judah" would be a useful literary lesson for Mr. Jones. The dialogue between *Dorothy* and the *Beau* where she rejects his suit, is a triumph of literary art. And the wit is as delicate and refined—too refined, almost, for audiences whose tastes have been coarsened by Gaiety humor and music-hall jokes.

It is much to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's credit that the play was so well put on the stage. Though very uncertain whether he could give it more than two performances, not a detail was neglected. Costumes and scenery alike were thoroughly studied and correct in every particular. It is to be regretted that the Haymarket company were not better fitted for their task. A poor play well done is to be preferred to a good play indifferently rendered. Mr. Beerbohm Tree was capital as the *Beau* in certain scenes. He is an actor greater in experiment than in achievement, one who better understands the masquerader's than the player's art. He has made his way to the first rank in his profession by his versatility in costume. But it was not merely the brocaded dressing-gown, the ruffled shirt, the high-collared coat that made his *Beau;* it was the courtliness, the manner, the self-complacency as well. As long as he was the genuine *Beau*, who, by being the perfect gentleman, realized the noblest ideal of his age, he was unquestionably good. But as the penitent he relapsed into his favorite sentiment, while he seemed as little convinced as his audience of the *Beau's* penitence. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, unfortunately, does not understand the first principles of her art; she cannot even manage her voice, nor has she sufficient personal charm to make up for her failings. Her *Dorothy* was as unconvincing as Mr. Tree's penitent *Beau*. The scene between them which should have been the most powerful in the play, was tame and weak. As for the other characters, Mr. Fred. Terry, who is excellent in farce, made a sad prig of *John Fenwick;* Mr. Brookfield was not without humor as the *Beau's* confidential valet; while Mr. Edmund Maurice, as *Anthony Musgrave*, was more effective in his swaggering than in his serious moments. E. R. P.

REFORM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH, November, 1890.

I FIND the University of Edinburgh at the present moment in a situation of great concern, buoyed with hopes and anxious with fears as to the movements which are contemplated to the end of lifting its methods out of the old traditional ruts, and broadening and strengthening its aims. Not the least of its hopes is that of opening its doors to women, a consummation which, so far as I have talked with the professors, is not to meet with great obstacles. There is more or less instruction now given under circumstances which recall the relations of Harvard College to the "Annex." These seem likely with us, as it is made evident to one not an officer of instruction, to end in making the "Annex" a dependent college of Harvard University. That the "Annex" will long remain an institution of separate instruction I cannot believe, for a husbanding of professional strength will inevitably, I hope and expect, create an autonomy for it as a woman's college, distinct in organization, but more or less conglomerate in methods with the general department of arts in the University. It seems likely, from what I observe here, that the halfway expedient of a distinct college for women will be abandoned, and that the sex will be admitted on the same standing to the curriculum of the men.

Parliament has instituted a commission to make all these changes in Edinburgh University, and this body is now sitting here. Its President is Lord Kinnear of the Court of Sessions, and it embraces men so well known as Sir William Thomson, Dr. Blackie, and the Earl of Elgin. The only officer of the University in their number is Prof. Butcher of the Greek department, and one of the movements which may be consummated is the displacement of Greek, in some degree at least, from its dominating position in the past. I have before me a large mass of documentary projects and recommendations which from time to time during the last half-year have been adopted by the Senatus of the University, as suggestions to the Commission. These papers have been given to the public through the press. In addition to this they have called expert testimony, kept private, from the English and Continental universities; and as there happens to be here at this moment a representative of the American system, he has been asked to submit to their examination. It is represented that the American university system, as exemplified in Harvard, has much more of correspondence with their traditional ways and future intentions than they find to be the case with the systems of other countries. They have on their staff a considerable representation of those acquainted with the methods of England and Germany, arising from years of study at Cambridge, Heidelberg, and elsewhere; while they have mainly depended on their study of the Harvard catalogue and reports for what they know of the American system. Sir William Muir, the Principal, has depended, I perceive, in some respects upon what he has learned to have been the observation of Sir Lyon Playfair during his numerous visits to Massachusetts. Sir Lyon, it will be remembered, was the representative of Edinburgh at the jubilee of Harvard in 1886, and I read a few days ago, as preserved in the University library, Harvard's congratulatory Latin, which was sent on parchment to Edinburgh when they observed their three-hundredth anniversary. I have not in Britain been so well satisfied with our own scant American antiquity as when I have thought how this great University is scarcely sixty years older than we are at Harvard; nor have I felt a solider confidence in our stability than when I recollect that the charter of 1750 for Harvard which hangs in my room at home, and which is to-day in operation, outdates the fundamental law of this chiefest though the youngest of the Scotch universities.

I suppose there are to-day in the undergraduate department of Harvard University some 1,300 students—I have not seen this year's catalogue; and I learn that there are here about 800. We are putting upon the American world not far from 300 graduates every year, much the largest part of whom are loyal sustainers of their Alma Mater, forming themselves into clubs in all our broad country, and keeping themselves alert to the interests of their college. There seems to be nothing like it here, and I have heard the officers express regret at it. Their lack of a dormitory system, or, as they call it, a residential system, seems to have something to do with accounting for this inertia. The migratory disposition of the Scotch is another element. The habit with the scions of their leading families of going to Oxford and Cambridge has perhaps still more to do with it. The system of brotherhood through clubs does not seem to be quite so hearty as with us, and there can be no doubt that such warmth of affiliation serves in no small degree in cementing the graduate's affection for his college. They are beginning to be aware of this here in considering the endowments from personal benefactions as they actually are and as they wish they were. When one looks round the yard at Harvard, he sees in University Hall, I think built in 1812—I have no chance to verify my impression—the evidence of the last pecuniary assistance which the State of Massachusetts gave to Harvard College; and the Commission now charged with bettering the Scottish universities could do nothing except that the British Parliament has backed their authority with a grant to give their judgment effect. As their acts are private, it will not be known what their judgments are for a year or more to come.

The pecuniary aspect is indeed the chief obstacle to the perfection of any intended scheme. In the Department of Arts, for instance, there are now eighteen professors, the instruction of only seven of whom is necessary to attain a degree. It is the wish of the University Senatus that these seven classes of subjects should be increased to twenty-six, and of this number fifteen are to fall within the Department of Arts. The eighteen chairs, as now constituted, have an income of about £13,000, of which £2,200 comes from Parliamentary grants, and of the remainder sundry endowments yield £3,600, while the student's fees give double that amount, or about £7,200. In another way of looking at it, those seven chairs whose instruction is necessary to a degree, get £8,000 of the total income, while those not necessary get £5,000. But the discrepancy is much more marked when we find that of the former £8,000, there come £6,000 in fees, while only £900 is derived in this way out of the other £5,000. You can understand from this, then, that when I asked the other day, "Is the size of your classes apportioned in any way to the attractiveness of the professor's lecturing?" I got the answer, "Not a bit!" Those whose lecturing is necessary to a degree get the large classes; and great gifts in instruction are necessary to secure a small class with the other professors. It is manifest that this is not making professional talent tell for all it is worth. The highest income among the necessary chairs in art is £1,500, that of the professor of mathematics; the lowest is £875 (moral philosophy), while that of engineering, the chief of the non-necessary chairs, has only £600. The hoped-for changes involve the equalizing of salaries; and if there is no falling off in fees, the fifteen professors of the new staff will only receive £578 apiece, while £1,000 is thought to be the minimum that is desirable. Edinburgh is considered a much more expensive place for a professor to live in than is either Oxford, Cambridge, or the other Scotch University towns. This is estimated to arise

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from the fact that Edinburgh is a favorite residence of people with large incomes and no business or professional occupation. It is said that £700 or £800 will go as far at the other universities as £1,000 here.

The fees now are collected by the professors themselves. They look in the future to their being turned into the coffers of the University for the treasury to deal equitably with them. There are no more urgent advocates of this, I find, than the most favored professors under the existing methods; and with the strong regard for vested interests which obtains in Britain, they can well afford to be advocates. No one ventures to intimate that any of the existing occupants of the chairs will be subjected to reduction of pay. Their successors, as one by one they come into office, will be enrolled under the new conditions. To make this change and give to the much increased staff equitable pay is going to demand a large increase of pecuniary resources. The Senatus reckon, as their published papers show, that an annual £4,000 of increase will be required, and the capabilities of the Commission in furnishing this increase will necessarily be the measure of the new development.

Instead of the seven classes of studies that are now competent to lead a student to his degree, it is proposed to have twenty-six. I have heard a British East Indian say that when you hunt the tiger, it is rare sport, but not quite so exhilarating if the tiger takes to hunting you. In the present curriculum the studies hunt the student. There is little freshness and vigor, it is to be feared, beneath the trammels of the old methods. The young blood of Scotland is longing to hunt the tiger, and to enjoy the exhilaration of a hapful, all-round development. One is surprised to find, for instance, that there is not a single chair of history, in any proper sense, in all the Scotch universities, either at Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, or Aberdeen. All that the hampered youth of Scotland get here at Edinburgh is what little is incidentally shaken off the shoulders of the professor of constitutional methods in a law course. It is proposed now to have a hundred hours of instruction in this department during the college year, and this is to be accomplished, as the proposal is, by adapting the present chair to larger duties in history, and by adding two or more additional instructors.

I have been surprised to find how little is done even in instructing in their own Scottish history. To the rest of the world the stories of the clans are thought to be remarkably interesting, but there is nothing better for the younger students than what Scott left them in his 'Tales of a Grandfather.' They hand you this book in all the shops. I inquired the other day at four of the bookshops if there was such a thing as a history of Edinburgh for a child, which I could send to a youngster across the sea. "There is no such book," they answered; but one of the booksellers, when I told him that in Boston I could find him two or three just such books respecting that city's history, awoke to the idea and added, "Capital project! Never thought of it before; there shall be one." I said the other day to the Chairman of this Universities Commission in a private interview, when I was explaining how much we aid in instructing in history, that I marvelled there was so little of it here, and that such a story as their own Scottish annals afforded ought not to be neglected in implanting an interest in history in the early days of their youth. "Come to Boston," I said to him, "and ten to one you will be asked, as many other eminent men have been, to speak to crowds of children, filling the Old South Church. You shall take a Scotch subject. Take the battle of Dunbar; tell its story; follow the shipload of Scottish prisoners which Cromwell sent from that stricken field to Boston; picture them as outcasts in a strange community; tell how they banded together for mutual help, and how their blood is some of our best blood to-day, and how the 'Scots Charitable Association' which they there formed in 1652, is to-day the oldest charitable organization for mutual benefit in the United States, and one of the most prosperous. You will have, I promise you, an interested audience."

If I can judge from the dearth of juvenile literature on Scottish history which I find in the shops, there would be nothing like the same interest here, evoked in a similar way, in the same class of the community.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

NAGASAKI, October 12, 1890.

FOR fifty days I have "gone to and fro in Japan, and walked up and down in it." No, I have walked little. A man-power sulky can be hired for sixty-five cents a day, so that I cannot afford to walk. Among mountains, where paths are too steep for a jinrikisha, I have been carried by three men in a kago.

Last of all, embarking at Kobé for Shanghai, I find my crowning mercy in the Inland Sea. It is an old saying, and as true as old, that sea-travel is pleasantest near land and land-travel near water: *Ambulatio prope aquas, navigatio prope terras amoenissima.* This truth has grown more and more clear while skirting the north coast of the Mediterranean, from Cadiz to Constantinople, and so on, calling at all Levantine ports, even to Alexandria, as well as in a similar navigation of Swiss, Italian, and American lakes, and along the Island of Hawaii. In all these fairest scenes of land and deep combined, there are points at each of them where the actual vision transcends all memories of the past and all anticipations of the future. Sober second thought will, however, give preëminence over all to the Inland Sea of Japan. What is it? If words or pictures could tell, it were foolish, indeed, to adventure to these farthest shores washed by the farthest sea. Nevertheless, it is easy to specify some salient features in this great wonder of Japan, and to note some of its superiorities.

The Inland Sea has more islands, it may be, than have ever been counted. The question there at once arises, "What is an island?" The international commissioners who divided the islands in the St. Lawrence, when confronted with this question, decided to call nothing rising above water an island which had not a tree on it as high as a man. According to this definition, hundreds of rocks in the Inland Sea, like Rock Dunder near Burlington, on Lake Champlain, each many times larger and more picturesque, and sometimes all velvet with moss or low herbage, are not islands. Indubitable islands, however, are everywhere. Before, behind, and on every hand they enwheel us round. Sometimes they hedge up our way so that we are land-locked. Anon they open a path for us where we least look for it. Greek scholars are reminded of the gates of Olympus which Homer describes as unfolding of their own accord when the chariot of Juno approached. Tourists from Minneapolis think of rides up an elevator in Pillsbury's mill, where they seem ready to dash against the ceiling, and are startled to see a trap-door unclosing to speed them on their upward way.

The Inland Sea, at once both Bosphorus and Archipelago, stretches 400 miles from Kobé to Nagasaki. It is so narrow or so islanded that in all that distance steamers are never out of sight of land, and usually hug some shore so closely that they are near enough for distinct vision. At one point the broad water narrows to 600 feet. We have in full view weather-beaten dark houses with white gables, groves, terraced hills, here tolerant of culture to the very top, and there torn by torrents till they look like the variegated rocks of Dakota Bad Lands. We can even discern the jinrikishas coursing along the Tokaido, the seaside highway; and the wayside chapels on many an eminence. But verdure is the most surprising feature. This greenness is due partly to a rainfall twice as great as that which gives Ireland her emerald, partly to a semi-tropical latitude where some crops are always green, and partly to spade and garden tillage as well as profusion of fertilizers, which, leaving no corner of the land untouched, and "deracinating all savagery," render vegetation luxuriant and exuberant. Accordingly, no epithet so well befits the landscapes as verdurous—walls, as it were, of Milton's Eden. The shades of green, too—shade unperceived still softening into shade—are more multitudinous than elsewhere.

Cities of local celebrity, and hence fleets of junks, are often met with. But sampans are abroad on every wave, in quest of fish, at night, with each a solitary torch. No waters yield so many varieties of fish as the Japanese, or in more exhaustless harvests. Wheresoever the carcase is, eagles gather. The fishermen are more numerous because no more than one-tenth of the soil in Japan is under cultivation, and its people are perforce largely ichthyophagous—a greater percentage, it is said, than anywhere else. They even eat whales. Hence it comes about that the Inland Sea is populous, yes, crowded with fishermen, who give it everywhere an intense human interest. Their little life, the build of their craft, peculiar oars, sails, crews (usually a family—man, wife, and child), flash on us at every turn. The frailty of their craft makes us watch them the more.

The shores, nowhere low, are often mountainous, or formed by foot-hills showing mountains beyond; green range behind range, with blue heights towering further inland, every one with a sky-line unique and all its own. But, on the whole, the Inland Sea would lose its cardinal charm if it lacked islands. Thanks to islands, voyagers enjoy surprises every hour and oftener, till they are dazzled and drunk with beauty. Many are cones, regular as Vesuvius and sometimes as gray. Others are pyramids, but most are as fantastic and grotesque as anything that can be seen in Japanese paintings. One rock island, at least, shows a natural bridge, or rather a Gothic arch, piercing it through from side to side, which to the eye is as regular as the nave at Cologne, and so large as to be seen through when miles away. The triumphal arch of Napoleon at Paris the French call the Arch of the Star, because avenues radiate from it in every direction like the rays of a star. The Inland Sea abounds in such stars—central points from which perspectives diverge towards every quarter between files of islands which seem ranged just where they afford the most of surprise and pleasure. Few islands are near the sea level; some rise a thousand feet, and many are half that height. Their summits, and, indeed, those of the mainland, are knife-edged. At all events, they are described by Shakspere so much to the life that one is ready to think he was a Japanese: a

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"blue promontory with trees upon it that nod unto the world and mock our eyes with air." No feature is so peculiarly Japanese as such a fringe of trees cresting a height, or a solitary tree at its very acme. The island coves, and hamlets, and ravines opening into inmost recesses, are additional attractions. But for islands so studding it and so grouped, a voyage through the Sea of Japan might be as monotonous as that through Lake Superior. As it is the half cannot be told about it. If every single feature could be enumerated, no fraction of a beholder's impressions could be reproduced any more than an idea of the Lady Olivia's beauty could be gained from its inventory item by item. J. D. B.

Correspondence.

ANTI-McKINLEY PEDLARS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Just before election in this State, there was noticed an unusually large number of tin-pedlars circulating among the farming districts. These men were a little different from the ordinary run of pedlars; they were bright and intelligent, wore good clothes, drove sleek horses, smoked good cigars, and seemed anxious not so much to sell their wares as to bring them to the notice of the farmer and his family. Their sales were slight, but their spirits seemed to be not in the least dampened thereby. They would go from farm-house to farm-house, tie the horse to the fence, and come in with an armful of tinware. They never talked crops or politics, but confined themselves to begging people to buy tinware. When remonstrated with for charging such a high price, they admitted the price had risen: tin pans and cups and dippers, it is true, used to be sold at such a figure, but they positively couldn't think of selling them at that figure now. In fact, they were offering these same pans and pails at a ruinously low profit to themselves; there was really nothing in it for them.

"What has raised the price?" asked the farmer. "The McKinley Bill," answered the pedlar, in hushed tones; "we are very sorry, very sorry, *indeed*, but positively we *are not* making more than a bare living ourselves; we don't understand the bill, never did bother about politics, don't care a snap who is elected. We only know that in our business we have to pay more for tinware, and of course have to charge you more for a dinner-pail or bread-pan than last year. Can't sell you any tin? Sorry. Good day." Thus these amiable, engaging emissaries of trade went on, working township after township; cheerful and industrious, paying their bills promptly, and never colliding. After election they disappeared as suddenly as they came. But there was an ominous falling off in Republican votes in the territory they had covered.

And now the Republicans claim that these suave and loquacious people were no true tin-pedlars at all, but wicked Democrats in disguise. Maybe they were; but at any rate they succeeded in educating the farmer by using the tin-pail as an object-lesson. With true pedagogic skill, the word "tariff" was "developed" in a way that would have delighted Pestalozzi's soul. The farmer, like the child in the kindergarten class, when allowed to see, feel, and handle the object, acquired a "vivid and lasting concept" of the word. Like a good little boy, he learned his lesson thoroughly, and, when called upon at the polls, recited it with startling effect. It does not matter much who his teachers were, but it must be confessed that, from a scientific point of view, they were adepts in stannic and bucolic psychology.

E. L. M.

South Chicago, November 14, 1890.

A NICE QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the article on the Pattison victory in your issue of November 13, you make the following statement: "The most contemptible figure in this campaign has been cut by the Philadelphia *Press*, a Republican organ of this State." Are you not unintentionally doing the *Press* an injustice? It is generally recognized to be a straight-out, hide-bound party organ in this State, and is expected to uphold everything that the party managers introduce, through thick and thin. The *Evening Telegraph*, on the other hand, has been a paper of a different sort. Though not possessed of much backbone politically, it has had the reputation of being on the right side in considering questions of decency or morality; but it seems unjust to the *Press* (of which nothing was expected) to say that its attitude in this late campaign has been more contemptible than that of the *Evening Telegraph*. Throughout, the *Telegraph* has ignored and refused to assist the work of the Lincoln Independent Committee, which was badly in need of a helping hand from a Republican paper; but on the day after election it published the enclosed editorial, which takes identically the same position as was occupied by the Independents. Moreover, during the latter part of the campaign the *Telegraph* day after day published, in one column, editorials inveighing against the provisions of the McKinley Bill, and in the next others urging the necessity of voting for Delamater lest his defeat might lead to the repeal of that bill. The idea suggested by this course was that the *Telegraph* expressed its own sentiments in the first column, and rented out the second to Andrews and Cooper for their tariff bugaboo articles. Is not this more contemptible than the attitude of the *Press*?

Very truly yours, Theo. J. Lewis.

Philadelphia, Pa., November 19, 1890.

THE MICHIGAN BALLOT-LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article "Ballot-Reform in the Elections," in your issue of yesterday, it seems to me that you have overlooked the fact that in this State (Michigan) we voted for the first time under a new law, providing booths and tickets furnished by the State. The election by the Democrats of the entire State ticket and a gain of six and perhaps seven Congressmen, giving us *eight or nine of the entire eleven*, was certainly a great surprise to politicians as well as to the rank and file of all parties; but whether the result was attributable in any marked degree to the new method of voting, I am not sufficiently informed to say.

Yours truly, Geo. B. Daniels.

Stanton, Mich., November 21, 1890.

MAYNE REID AND FENNO HOFFMAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the recently published memoir of Capt. Mayne Reid by his widow, there is printed at length as *his* work a poem entitled "Monterey," beginning:

> "We were not many, we who stood
> Before the iron sleet that day,
> Yet many a gallant spirit would
> Give half his years if he but could
> Have been with us at Monterey."

This poem was familiar to many schoolboys of thirty years ago, but in the school-speakers, and in Mr. C. A. Dana's 'Household Book of Poetry,' it is attributed to Charles Fenno Hoffman. It also appears in a collection of Hoffman's poems published a few years ago. There can be no doubt as to its authenticity.

Mrs. Reid has, no doubt, made an innocent mistake, but she should *correct* it. Mayne Reid has just claims to the gratitude of the boys of the last generation, and he never could have claimed that which was not his own.

Geo. H. Fisher.

Philadelphia, November 18, 1890.

BLIZZARD FOSSILS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In No. 1319 of the *Nation*, p. 286, I find a letter from Mr. S. Garman, dated Cambridge, October 3, 1890, in which this investigator refers to a little paper published by myself in the *Naturwissenschaftliche Wochenschrift* of February 23, 1890, entitled "Snow-storms as Destructive of Diluvian Mammals." In this paper I endeavored, from my own researches, to prove that many deposits of bones of mammals might not have been caused by floods, but probably owed their origin to the snow-storms of antiquity.

Although I reached this conclusion independently and through my own reflection, it is very far from my thought to lay any claim to priority with regard to it (though for many particulars in the exposition of the hypothesis priority perhaps might be conceded to me). As I have since learned from the work of Leopold Schrenck on 'The First Discovery of a Carcase of *Rhinoceros Merckii*' (St. Petersburg, 1880), this able investigator advanced as early as 1871 the opinion that the mammoth-elephants and rhinoceroses whose unrotted carcases are found in the icy soil or frozen snow of Northern Siberia, were overcome by snow-storms. Schrenck thus gave expression nineteen years ago to the leading idea contained in Garman's communication to the *Nation* on "Blizzard Fossils."

Without doubt, however, Mr. Garman has priority over me in that he published as far back as 1882 and 1883, with regard to certain deposits of fossil bones in North America, views similar to, if not as elaborate as, those embraced in my paper cited above. For the rest, in that paper I by no means expressed myself as if I had been the *first* to surmise that snow-storms extinguished the diluvian mammals. I left it an open question whether any one had anticipated me in publishing this surmise. Nevertheless, every one who reads my paper in the original will gain the impression that it rests on *my own* researches, and that I arrived at my hypothesis *quite independently*. Since in composing my paper I was acquainted with neither Schrenck's nor Garman's notions on the same subject, my exposition was in no manner influenced by theirs, while it contains much that has been left unsaid by both of them.

The circumstance that three naturalists in three different places have reached individually the same conclusion, must vouch for its soundness. In closing, I call attention to pages 43 *et seq.* and 128 *et seq.* of my recent book, 'On Tundras and Steppes of the Present and of Past Time, with Special Reference to their Fauna' (Berlin: Ferd. Dummler, 1890).

Dr. Alfred Nehring,

Berlin, November 5, 1890.

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Notes.

THE American edition of Talleyrand's 'Memoirs' is to be published in this country by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, simultaneously with its issue in Paris and in London. The work is to be complete in five volumes, the first of which is expected to be in readiness early in the new year, the others following at intervals of a few weeks.

An elaborate essay, by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, on 'The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature,' is in the press of Longmans, Green & Co.

'Seven Dreamers,' New England dialect stories, by Annie Trumbull Slosson, is announced as nearly ready by the Harpers.

The 'Dictionary of Political Economy,' which Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S., is editing, and which is to be published by Macmillan & Co., is now assuming a definite shape, and the first part is to be out in January. Among the contributors are a number of well-known American writers. The object of the 'Dictionary' is to give a statement of the position of political economy at the present time, together with such references to history, law, and commerce as may be of use. Macmillan & Co. have also in press 'A Dictionary of Classical Mythology, Religion, Literature, Art, and Antiquities,' revised and edited from the German of Dr. Seyffert by H. Nettleship and J. E. Sandys. The work will contain nearly 500 illustrations.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish early next month vol. vi. of the new edition of 'Chambers's Cyclopædia.' They will shortly issue also 'A Successful Man,' by the author of 'A Diplomat's Diary'; and a 'Dream of a Modest Prophet,' a novel of social regeneration, by Gen. M. D. Leggett.

The first English translation of Claude Tillier's 'My Uncle Benjamin' will have the imprint of Benj. R. Tucker, Boston.

The J. G. Cupples Co., Boston, promise 'The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani,' by Stanton Page.

A third historical novel of Julius Wolff's, 'Fifty Years, Three Months, Two Days,' translated by W. H. and Elizabeth R. Winslow, and 'A Web of Gold,' by Katherine Pearson Woods, author of 'Metzerott, Shoemaker,' are on the list of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

John Wiley & Sons have in preparation 'Wire: its Manufacture and Uses,' by J. Bucknall Smith, and 'Wooden Trestle Bridges,' by Wolcott C. Foster.

Dr. W. Clarke Robinson, Professor of English Literature in Kenyon College, Ohio, has been authorized by Prof. ten Brink to translate from the German his standard history of English literature, which was recently reviewed in the *Nation*. The translation is already in part in the hands of Prof. ten Brink for revision, and will be published simultaneously by Henry Holt of New York and George Bell of London.

The thousandth anniversary of the birth of Saadia Gaon (1892) is to be celebrated by the publication of the works of this Jewish and Arabic scholar in fifteen volumes (including a biography by Dr. A. Harkavy, and essays on Saadia's philosophy, etc., by several hands). The laboring oar will be taken by Prof. Joseph Derenbourg of Paris. The subscription price is ten dollars for an ordinary set, and forty dollars for an edition on Holland paper. Checks, to the order of Jacob H. Schiff, Treasurer, should be sent to Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., University of Philadelphia, Pa.

The Red Book of the Exchequer is being edited for the Rolls Series by Mr. Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office. This is the most important of ancient English records after Domesday Book. It is not only a Roll of Honor for the England Baronage, etc., but is the official Entry Book of the Exchequer on which all great officers of state were sworn, that is, as containing formulæ of their oaths. Mr. Elliot Stock will shortly publish 'The Antiquities and Curiosities of the Exchequer,' by the same author, who is already well known by his 'History of the Customs Revenue Society in the Elizabethan Age' and 'Court Life under the Plantagenets.' This work will form vol. i. of the new "Camden Library."

The copy of Captain Cook's Journal purchased by the late Mr. Comer is about to be edited in a popular form by the latter's literary executor, Mr. Bell. A collation of this Journal with the copy in the Admiralty archives shows some differences. Dampier's voyages are to be edited for the Hakluyt Society by Lieutenant Dampier, R.N., under the supervision of Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., the President of the Society.

In the catalogue of "Additional" MSS. which is being prepared for publication by the authorities of the Bodleian Library, there are two items of some interest to Americans. One is the Journal of the Quaker George Fox's travels in America and the West Indies in 1671-1673; the other is the Log-Book of Admiral Byron during that officer's not very distinguished command in North America and in the West Indies in 1778-1779. The Admiral lay for some time in Nantasket Road. Students will find the former MS. classified as A 95, and the latter as C 70. We may add, by the way, that among the Tanner and Rawlinson collections of MSS. will be found many documents relating to the colonial period of American history.

A number of new editions are on our table, first to deserve mention being the two volumes (iii. and iv.) of Lowell's Poems in the ten-volume edition of his 'Writings' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The poems are now complete, as is shown by the indexes of first lines and of titles. Vol. iii. leads off with the "Fable for Critics," and we must not pass it by without extracting the author's truthful vindication, not only of the "Fable," but of his other occasional characterizations of his contemporaries: "You may be sure that I know what is meant by a caricature and what by a portrait." The "Fable," he tells us, was "extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written"; and this language could be applied to the rhymed "Letter from Boston," dashed off two years before. Finally, we remark yet another portrait, on steel, of a date not indicated, but in the poet's prime of years. The "Exmoor Edition" of Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone' is in three pretty volumes, bound in blue cloth, that issue from the Knickerbocker Press of the Messrs. Putnam. The author furnishes an introductory note of a probation, and rejoices in the substance of copyright which his publishers secure him. The justice-loving public should accordingly discriminate in favor of this form of a novel popular enough to have been pirated, or, in Mr. Blackmore's euphemistic language, to have visited us "by force of savage ravishers." Charles Reade is redivivus in his 'Peg Woffington' and 'Christie Johnstone,' which usher in the "Giunta Series" of Dodd, Mead & Co. The typography is distinguished, for the letters are a specially imported French face, and the composition of them has been intrusted to the University Press, Cambridge, Mass., with the best results. The volumes are of handy shape, and these two are adorned with frontispieces. The binding is buff-colored, stamped, we think, with less taste than the elegance within called for. Long's translation of the 'Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius' has been in all respects handsomely and conveniently reproduced by the Chiswick Press for the London firm of Geo. Bell & Sons (New York: Scribner & Welford). The covers of this companionable work are durably backed with an olive-green canvas.

A youthful production of Prosper Mérimée's, the historical novel called 'A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX.,' otherwise a romance of the Saint-Bartholomew, has been newly translated by the competent hand of Mr. George Saintsbury. The Cassell Publishing Co. have put it forth in sumptuous apparel—generous quarto or grand octavo page, broad margins, heavy paper, and a wealth of illustrations irregularly disposed and for the most part effective and ornamental. Nothing is wanting to attract those in search of a gift-book of such a class.

Mr. Walter Thomas Rogers's 'Manual of Bibliography' (Scribner & Welford), a pretty and handy book in white and gold, defines Bibliography on p. 161 in a glossary of terms; but of the four meanings none fits that intended to be conveyed by the title of this work, viz.: "The knowledge of books, library management, and the art of cataloguing." Such a use cannot be commended, and it is symptomatic of a want of qualification in the author for the task he has undertaken. He is neither a master of language nor a clever condenser, nor, in such moot questions as are involved in the origin of printing, a judicious or cautious reporter of what is really known. For any of the topics just enumerated American readers can better consult domestic authorities. The most surprising thing is, that while Mr. Rogers disclaims any originality for his compilation, he nowhere acknowledges the source of his thirty-seven illustrations, which are, with one exception, taken over (we presume, by arrangement) from Bouchot's 'The Book.' It is not enough to find this work at the head of section ii. of his list of books of reference, or the subject of the sole advertisement in the volume.

'The Old Meeting-House, and Vacation Papers, Humorous and Other,' edited for the Rev. A. M. Colton by his brother, consists of the lighter sort of contributions to religious newspapers, occasional addresses, sermons. The more valuable portion lies in boyish reminiscences of country life in Vermont; but among the very miscellaneous contents one comes unexpectedly upon a leaf of travel which involves a visit to the "martyr Torrey" in his fatal prison-cell at Baltimore on April 28, 1846. Torrey was in the last stages of consumption, and his death was hourly expected. The author had been at college with this victim of the Slave Power. If Torrey had been a murderer, the Governor of Maryland is quoted as having said, he might have been allowed to die outside the walls of the jail; "but as it is, . . . this running slaves away has got to be stopped."

Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward' has been translated into Italian as 'L'Avvenire!? uno sguardo retrospettivo dall'anno 2000 ai nostri giorni.' The publisher speaks of its "immense success in America, England, and Germany."

A 'Junior School Algebra,' by W. S. Beard (Longmans), gives the briefest possible statement of the rules of algebra as far as and including quadratic equations, without demonstrations of any kind except the conviction produced by the solution of large numbers of illustrative examples. Some idea of the vast number of "exercises" the book contains may be obtained from the fact that the "answers"

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at the end of the book occupy no less than fifty-six pages. Noteworthy is a collection of twenty-one examination papers actually used in various schools, colleges, school-boards, and in the examination of candidates for positions in the Government civil service. To each of these papers is prefixed the name of the institution, school-board, or other body by whom the paper was used. A 'School Trigonometry' by the Rev. Frederick Sparks, issued by the same publishers, is one of the most admirable text-books we have ever seen. While it is eminently fitted to its title, the title is in no way fitted to express the higher merits of the book, which is alike suited for use in the class-room and as a reference book for the engineer. There is a fulness, neatness, precision, and finish in all the details that renders it worthy of the highest praise.

Under the title, 'Beyging sterkra sagnorda i Islensku' (The Inflection of Strong Verbs in Icelandic), Dr. Jon Thorkelsson, the Rector of the gymnasium in Reykiavik, Iceland, sends out the third annual instalment of what will be, when completed, a most valuable scientific contribution to the detailed history of the Icelandic language. The work contains, as far as it has been possible to cite them, reference places of each form from the old language of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, as contained in both Icelandic and Norse sources. Where, however, it is impossible to refer to older forms, the younger alone are given. The later citations are, for the most part, from the latter half of this century, and besides original Icelandic works are included, among others, translations of the 'Iliad,' Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and John Stuart Mill 'On Liberty.' The verbs are arranged alphabetically. The present instalment gives, thus far, 240 pages, and brings the whole work down to the verb *hrjoda*.

Following its own precedent, 'Stieler's Hand-Atlas,' in Part 26 of the current edition (B. Westermann & Co.), maps the United States under the rubric 'West Indies, Central America'; but there is an independent return to the subject on a larger scale. On this map, No. 79, we see the new States of the Northwest displayed and the curious *enclave*, Oklahoma Territory—the cancer of civilization in the heart of the Indian Territory. The same Part contains a general map of North America, and another of Greece as a fragment of the Balkan Peninsula. In Part 25, there is a fine new map of Western Canada, with a general map of Europe, and one of Saxony and its neighbor lands.

The address of Mr. H. H. Johnston, on the development of tropical Africa, before the merchants of Liverpool, published in the November *Fortnightly*, is full of suggestion and information given in a bright and entertaining way. He pleads for the establishment of a special school in which the principal African languages, forestry, and natural history shall be taught, and men trained for the African service just as they are for China, Japan, Siam, and the Turkish dominions. A man going out for his first term of service should not be under twenty-one years nor over thirty; and if he is middle-sized and thin, he is more likely to resist the dangers of the climate than if he is tall and stout. Total abstinence from all alcoholic drinks is absolutely essential to the health. If prescribed by a physician, then alcohol should be taken after sundown, for taken during the daytime in Africa, it is "simply poison to the white man." He rapidly reviews the principal products of the vast regions under British influence, as, the palm-oil; rubber, the best of which, bringing £270 a ton, is made from a creeping plant everywhere prevalent; indigo and cotton, which also in their wild state are to be found in great abundance in these parts of the continent. The people he divides into three sections, the Arabs, the Negroids, and the Negroes. The Negroids, under which head he includes the Gallas, Somalis, and Nubians of Eastern Africa, and the Fulahs of the Niger basin, he believes will eventually disappear by absorption into the other two. He augurs hopefully from the extraordinary readiness of the negroes to accept civilization.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November opens with a paper by the editor on the partition of Africa, accompanied by a large and valuable map. This is followed by the second of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's lists of the best and most recent maps. Though devoted entirely to Africa, it fills twenty-one pages of the magazine and includes about five hundred maps, the greater part of which have been published within the past ten years. The publisher, price, date, and geographical value of each map are stated, together with a general key map, so colored as to show at a glance the sources from which the maps of the different parts of the continent have been derived, whether from detailed surveys or from travellers' itineraries. Only Algeria, Tunis, and a strip of Egypt, about 200,000 square miles in all, have been thoroughly surveyed, while 3,800,000 square miles, or nearly a third, of Africa still remain "unexplored country."

A supplemental number of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, just issued, contains an elaborate geographical monograph on the Greek islands Cephalonia and Ithaca, by Dr. Joseph Partsch.

The *Rio News* does not exaggerate the importance of the transfer of the *Jornal do Commercio* of that city from its ownership for sixty-eight years to Messrs. Rodrigues & Co. The *Jornal* is the oldest and most influential journal in the country, but its late proprietor, the Conde de Villeneuve, was a non-resident, whereas Mr. J. C. Rodrigues, who succeeds him, and who will also be the chief editor, has returned to his native land to take part in its regeneration consequent upon the overthrow of slavery and monarchy. Mr. Rodrigues has been for very many years a correspondent of the *Jornal*, latterly in London and formerly in this city, where he founded and conducted almost single-handed an illustrated paper, *O Novo Mundo*, which attained an extraordinary circulation in Brazil, till it was extinguished by a bit of local McKinleyism aimed to protect Brazilian against Portuguese publishers in the reproduction of the Portuguese classics. Mr. Rodrigues is a writer of exceptional ability, as well as of rare liberality and elevation of spirit; and in view of this and of his American and English experience, the *Jornal* under his management must powerfully affect the development of our sister republic.

—Mr. Gladstone has sketched, in a little book entitled 'Landmarks of Homeric Study' (Macmillan & Co.), the outlines of those studies and opinions which are fully presented in the 'Homeric Studies,' the 'Juventus Mundi,' 'Time and Place of Homer,' and more lately in a series of magazine articles. In this summary, Mr. Gladstone shows the same unfailing faith as heretofore in the oneness and indivisibility of Homer, in his Achaian origin, his authorship of both 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' and in "the essential unity" of both these poems. Their unity and authenticity, he argues, are shown most clearly by the consistency of the facts, or *Realien*, they contain, in spite of their mass and variety. This consistency holds throughout both 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey'; apparent inconsistencies are explained by the supposition that the former poem represents the "inner zone," the latter the "outer zone" of the poet's experience. The contents are not only a whole, but "a historic whole." The poems were, moreover, written with a conscious aim, viz., "to launch upon the world what we may term the Greek idea—to commemorate and to mould the Achaian race." The style of the poems also proves their unity, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, though he professes himself not qualified to discuss linguistic questions in detail. The site of Troy he is inclined to place at Hissarlik, and to reject positively the claims of Bunarbashi. It is needless to say that most of these conclusions have been controverted by the highest authorities in scholarship. The book is simply a succession of remarks and propositions stated without much regard to literary form. It is curious to find the author considering it "settled" that the poems were not originally committed to writing; a still more curious notion is, that in Odysseus the poet intended to depict a character resulting from the amalgamation of a Phœnician element (!) with Achaian stock. Is any character more Greek than Themistocles—or more like Odysseus? The following sentence is noteworthy coming from Mr. Gladstone's pen: "So far as I am able to discern, the average Hebrew of the earlier historical Books of Scripture falls short of rather than exceeds in moral stature the Achaian Greek." This, too, is striking: "There is no god of the Poems . . . that is so *good* as the swineherd Eumaios." The last chapter discusses the points of contact between the Assyrian tablets and the Homeric text, with results which, in the present state of research, must be regarded as dubious or untrustworthy.

—It is with a certain sense of relief that we note the final completion of the second edition of that most respectable and most colorless of historical compilations, Georg Weber's 'Weltgeschichte' (Leipzig: W. Engelmann). The second half of the fifteenth volume, which we have before us, comprising the period from 1852 to the present time, has all the characteristic traits of its predecessors, the same general trustworthiness as to facts, the same even flow of narrative, the same tinge of optimistic philistinism, the same absence of strong individual convictions. As the book is meant for German readers, it is natural that German affairs should have absorbed the largest share of the author's attention. And it is only fair to say that the outward events of the great struggle for national consolidation of the German people, especially the conflicts with Austria and France, and the subsequent two decades of the new empire, are correctly and on the whole discriminatingly represented; although it reminds one a little of the naïve tone of mediæval chroniclers to find on p. 532, in the midst of a discussion of the social reform bills, the military septennate, and other momentous subjects of national importance, a notice of the death of the young Prince Waldemar, the wreck of the Hamburg-American steamer *Cimbria*, and the foundering of the German cruiser *Augusta*. One cannot help wondering why the author, if he found space for such almanac gossip, completely ignored the events of the literary and artistic world. The least satisfactory part of the book is the treatment of the rest of Europe and the transatlantic countries. The United States is disposed of in twenty-three pages out of 700; Mr. Blaine is called "ein Mann von irischer Abkunft und ultramontaner Gesinn-

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ung": the latter term being, in the mind of the author, identical with satanic maliciousness. The volume is edited by Dr. Friedrich Weber, the son of Georg, who died an octogenarian in 1888, shortly before giving the last touch to the work of his life. His well-executed portrait, which is prefixed to the title-page, shows him in his full, benevolent, and happy manhood.

— The November number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* brings, from the hand of a personal friend of Gotfried Keller's, very interesting reminiscences of the last year of the great Swiss poet's life. It seems that he anticipated his death long before his friends entertained any serious fears for his health. When, in 1889, he heard that the city of Zürich intended to celebrate his seventieth birthday by a public demonstration, he quietly left town, and to a deputation of citizens who presented him with a gold medal, he said: "Das kann ich Ihnen sagen, meine Herren, das ist das Zeichen für das Ende vom Lied." Soon after, he made his will, bequeathing the bulk of his little fortune to the University and the Public Library of Zürich, devoting, however, a part of it to a fund for invalid Swiss soldiers. To this legacy he added: "Since I have never had an opportunity to serve my country as a soldier, I am glad to pay her a small tribute at least in this manner." On his sick-bed his fancy remained wonderfully active almost to the last. At times he seemed much worried that his poetical work was to be left unfinished. "Oh, if I only could leave my head to somebody," he would cry. But then he would comfort himself with humorous conceptions. "They ought to put my ashes," he would say, "into a vessel and give them to the students to strew in the Limmat; but of course they ought to have a good barrel of wine to celebrate over it." At his funeral all Switzerland paid homage to her great son. When the body was carried away from the Zürich Cathedral, the vast assembly broke out singing Keller's own song, which now seems destined to become the national hymn:

"O mein Schweizerland, all mein Gut und Hab',
Wenn dereinst mein banges Stündlein kommt,
Ob ich Schwacher dir auch nichts gefrommt,
Nicht versalze mir ein stilles Grab.
Weis' ich ab von mir dies mein Staubgewand,
Beten will ich dann zu Gott dem Herrn:
Lasse's rahlen deinen schönsten Stern
Nieder auf mein frisch Vaterland."

—The *Livre* publishes certain private letters of Mürger, Charles Nodier, and Sainte-Beuve which may be called indiscreet, though their indiscretion is far less wide and deep than some of Mürger's that we have seen before now from time to time in the catalogues of autograph-sellers. Of the present collection Sainte-Beuve's letter is the longest. It shows him in the position of lay confessor to a young woman who has disclosed to him her domestic unhappiness, and her determination at all costs to leave her uncongenial husband. Sainte-Beuve replies that where there are no maternal duties to bind her to a cradle, a woman's first desire would naturally be to fly from a state of moral torment that nothing can relieve or remedy. But a woman must brave the world to do this, and she requires some support—parents if possible, a woman friend; at any rate, somebody. She must learn to disregard what the world says, for, after all, it is more cowardly than it is malicious—and so on, and so on. The letter is, in fact, of a sort to give some satisfaction to the malicious portion of the cowardly world. The amusing part of the whole business is that Sainte-Beuve was in this case simply taken in by an autograph-hunter. The unhappy young woman was a pure mystification. A clever rascal, in quest of autographs, using various pseudonyms, such as Gabriel Vicaire, Soriano, Ludovic Picard, and others, wrote to many of the well-known men of the time asking for counsel or advice or encouragement. Sometimes, as to Sainte-Beuve, he was an unhappy wife, sometimes an *écuyère* of the circus, sometimes a young artist, unsuccessful and tempted to suicide. He made up in this way a quite valuable collection of autographs, which, of course, he sold. It is a satisfaction to know that occasionally he cheated himself. In 1857 he sold an autograph of Proudhon for three or four francs which afterwards brought five hundred at a public sale.

—Apropos of the familiar *mot* of Alphonse Karr's about the abolition of capital punishment—"Que messieurs les assassins commencent"—of which we lately spoke, a correspondent writes to the London *Guardian* to say that the epigram was not of Karr's own minting, but was borrowed by him from the 'Heliotropium' of the German Drexelius (1581-1638). The passage referred to (lib. iv., cap. ii., s. i.) reads: "Quondam fæx hominum, et furum, lavernionum, effractorum ampla societas libellos supplices porrexerunt judicibus, rogaruntque patibula et furcas auferrent. . . . His a judicibus responsum est, siquidem antiquatum cupiant morem patibulandi, prius ipsi consuetudinem abrogent furandi, judices in mora non futuros, quod protinus cruces tollant et patibula, modo ipsi prius cessare jubeant furta." Of course this may be mere coincidence, yet the phrase is one of the two upon which Karr based his hopes of being remembered. After all, the man who revives a forgotten witty saying has some claim upon our gratitude. In an opposite way, every new good thing that is said brings to the mind a subtle suggestion of regret. It limits the field of wit in the future, and diminishes by one the number of good things which it is still possible to say.

—A summary of the four annual reports of the Central Sanitary Bureau of the Japanese Government, from 1884 to 1887, is of interest to other than medical readers. The vital statistics showing the rate of births, 27.28 to every thousand persons in 1881, or 1 to every 36 94 persons in 1887, are given in full. Perhaps they explain the discussion now pervading the Japanese newspapers concerning the threatened overpopulation of the empire. The study of Malthus and of these figures, which are occasionally marshalled by editorial alarmists who have an eye to the sale of their papers, has really frightened some of the conservative Japanese, and a cry for more planting of sweet potatoes has gone up. The virtue of the Satsuma *imo*, or sweet potato, was tried a generation or two ago during famine, and its popularity as compared with "Dutch" or Java potatoes is vastly greater. Cholera, which rarely touches foreigners, exceeds all other epidemics as a reducer of population. In 1887, of 154,780 patients, 101,944 died. The Japanese vulgar derivation of the word *ko-ro-ri* (cholera) makes it a compound of the names of three ravenous beasts of prey. Typhoid fever comes next in devastating power, dysentery, diphtheria, typhus fever, and smallpox following in relative order. The terrible floods of this and last year have had much to do with the prevalent dysentery, but the abominable sewerage and the general infiltration of the soil by liquid manure which never suggests "*sweet* fields . . . arrayed in living green," are the prime and chronic causes of disease. The long-argued question of licensing female physicians was settled in 1884, when five applicants for examination for registration as medical practitioners in Tokio presented themselves, only one being successful. In reality the Japanese, in licensing women doctors, are but reviving a mediæval custom. None but duly licensed and certificated dentists (old name, "tooth carpenters") and bone-setters are now allowed to practise their craft. A national Pharmacopœia, compiled by a large staff of native and foreign physicians and scholars, has been published by order of the Government, and the drug business is carefully regulated for the protection of life. Opium is the monopoly of the Government, incessant vigilance being used to guard against its abuse by smoking and otherwise. A Sanitary Museum Library, Medical Botanical Garden, and Hygienic Laboratory have been established in Tokio. Since the physicians were, as a class, the leaders of science and civilization in old Japan before the fall of the military despotism which for centuries cramped the Japanese intellect, this splendid showing of medical science in Japan seems to have something of poetic justice in it, as well as the solid gain of greater security to life. The frank exposure of facts by the native writers contrasts curiously with the rhetoric of sentimental flatterers who have praised the Japanese even in their indolence and foolishness.

RECENT POETRY.

It is a curious fact that the two most interesting and altogether important poetic collections lately published, respectively in England and America, should both be by dead authors. Here, however, the resemblance ends, as the 'Poetical Works' of Thomas Lovell Beddoes (Macmillan) were partially reprinted more than forty years ago; while the 'Poems' by Emily Dickinson (Boston: Roberts Bros.) bear a name that was previously unknown except to a very few friends. The contrast in other respects is as complete; Beddoes being in the last degree objective and dramatic, and Miss Dickinson introspective and subjective—just as his whole life was wandering and wayward, and hers so secluded as to be more than unlike. They have absolutely nothing in common but the quality of genius, and it is only because that gift does not abound, just now, upon the critic's table, that they are here linked together at all. It may be added, however, that a certain transfusion of blood appears in each; Beddoes being distinctly the last of the Elizabethans, and Emily Dickinson holding distinctly, though unconsciously, to the school of William Blake—if indeed he had any other scholar. Beddoes reminds us of his metrical ancestry not merely in what his editor, Mr. Gosse, describes as "the lost magic of the tragic blank verse of the Elizabethans," but in his extraordinary lyric quality. It is perhaps his misfortune to have fallen into the hands of an editor so uniformly timid, apologetic, and belittling as to leave us in doubt why he consented to employ his mind on stuff which he thinks so inferior; but much of this tone prevails in recent London editing, and Mr. Gosse is not the man to rise above it. Heaven forbid that any one should, on the other hand, make a "cult" of the stormy and wayward Beddoes, born just on the edge of the Shelley and Keats period, and inheriting their sorrows with his own; but surely his strong music, his regal epithets, his unflinching passion deserved a better interpreter. A lyric like the following, for instance, might have come out of Mr. Bullen's recent collection of 'Songs from the Elizabethan Dramatists,' except that there is a very slight flavor of

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more modern, and, so to speak, sentimental sympathy (I., 62):

DIRGE.

Let dew the flowers fill;
No need of fear, despair,
Though to the grave you bear
One still of soul—but now too still,
One fair—but now too fair.
For, beneath your feet, the mound,
And the waves that play around,
Have meaning in their grassy, and their watery smiles;
And with a thousand sunny wiles
Each says, as he reproves,
Death's arrow oft is Love's.

Or this Jonson-like epitaph (I., 63):

EPITAPH.

The form's divinity, the heart's best grace,
Where are they? Have they their immortal throne
Upon thy maiden's thought and peerless face,
Thou cool-eyed reader? Yet, beneath this stone
Dust lies, wee is grow, and this is the remain
Of one best union of that deathless twain.

Of the tragedies we can give no impression by citation; their very titles show their motives and their traditions: "The Bride's Tragedy," "Death's Jest-Book, or the Fool's Tragedy," "The Second Brother," "Love's Arrow Poisoned," "The Last Man." All save the first of these are more or less unfinished. Beddoes was born in 1803 and died by his own hand in 1849. Through Miss Zoë King, his cousin, who had what Mr. Gosse rather disparagingly calls "a romantic interest" in Beddoes, but what most people would call a generous cousinly sympathy for him, the papers of the poet were carefully kept together, with all that related to him, in the hands of Mr. T. F. Kelsall, through whom they passed to Robert Browning, whose son now holds them. They are here edited carefully and conscientiously, and the reader would have nothing but gratitude for the editor had he only excluded from the volumes all which bears his own signature.

The poems of Emily Dickinson are not so seriously weighed down by their editors—Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd and Mr. T. W. Higginson—since they leave her mainly to speak for herself. We learn that she was born in 1830 and died in 1886, living almost always in extreme seclusion in the college town of Amherst, Mass., where her father, a lawyer, held also the responsible position of college treasurer. She resolutely refused to publish her verses, showing them only to a very few friends. As a consequence, she had almost no criticism, and was absolutely untrammelled; so that the verses are sometimes almost formless, while at other times they show great capacity for delicate and sweet melody, suggesting the chance strains of an Æolian harp. But in compass of thought, grasp of feeling, and vigor of epithet, they are simply extraordinary, and strike notes, very often, like those of some deep-toned organ. Take, for instance, this, which fully sustains the Blake-like quality suggested by the editors in their preface (p. 119):

"I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining room.

"He questioned softly why I failed?
'For beauty,' I replied.
'And I for truth,—the two are one;
We brethren are,' he said.

"And so, as kinsmen met a night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips
And covered up our names."

The extraordinary terseness and vigor of that weird conclusion runs through all the poems; in this case it so grasps the ear that you hardly notice the defect in the rhyme. Little cared she for that, provided she uttered her thought. Yet at times she reached with the same sudden grasp a completeness of utterance that was nothing less than lyric—as in the two verses on the opposite page to the above (p. 118):

"A train went through a burial gate;
A bird broke forth and sang,
And trilled, and quivered, and shook his throat
Till all the churchyard rang;
And then adjusted his little notes
And bowed and sang again.
Doubtless he thought his part complete
To say good-bye to men."

With all its inequalities and even oddities on its face, there is power enough on many a page of this little book to set up whole volumes of average poetry; and the public will inevitably demand to know more of the thoughts and mental processes of Emily Dickinson.

If there is indeed any one yet living into whom the Elizabethan blood is transfused, though with a difference, it is the (alleged) woman who masquerades under the name of Michael Field. In "The Tragic Mary" she has borrowed Mr. Pater's phrase for Mary Stuart, as given in his essay on Rossetti; and the preface opens with a fine prose passage in which she points out that Edinburgh is as inevitably the city of Mary Stuart as is Troy of Helen: we look in the streets themselves, as at Holyrood, into the very mirror that reflected her features. This dramatic poem is too long, is somewhat confused here and there, and not quite sustained towards the end; but it is, on the whole, the most powerful picture ever given of Mary, of Darnley, and of Bothwell. Perhaps the masterful quality of this rude lover is as well given in Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations'; and there is nothing here so graceful and exquisite as the French songs in Swinburne's 'Chastelard'; but the strength of the royal Stuart quality—so much stronger in Mary than in her descendants—is here. At the crisis of her conflict she turns from Darnley and exclaims (p. 24):

"So much to do, so thick a knot to break!
(*Bending, she writes in her Book of Hours.*)
O, Lord, avenge me of mine enemies.
I set it down; make Thou a bond with me!
Have we not common cause? These hypocrites
Pull down all holy things. My sturdy mood
Bides not the click of rosaries; receive
This sentence writ across the partial psalms,
And levy for me from the ends of heaven
Thy laggard legions; make me, in thy stead,
Victor and sovereign."

It is a long step from Michael Field down to Alfred Austin, whose commonplace muse would probably never have been connected, even by way of suggestion, with the Laureateship but for its devoutly Tory quality. It is, however, pleasant to observe in his volume of 'English Lyrics,' edited by William Watson (Macmillan), something unconventional and affectionate in the love of nature, though there is something almost ludicrous, to an American mind, in attempting to resist by a sonnet the tunnel under the British Channel, as Wordsworth tried to resist railways by similar artillery (p. 25):

"That men who learned to lisp at English knees
Of English fame, to pamper womanish ease
And swell the surfeits of voracious trade
Shall the impregnable breakers undermine,
Take ocean in reverse, and, basely bold,
Burrow beneath the bastions of the brine?"

It is certainly a curious fact that while nobody in France appears to be in the least alarmed at the thought of a tunnel under the Channel, all England should be convulsed with terror at that simple convenience of civilization. Where were our New York poets that they did not rally in squadrons of sonnets to prevent the building of the Brooklyn bridge?

As Mr. Austin surprises us with love of nature, so Lord Lytton surprises us with modesty, and affords us, in his 'Poems of Owen Meredith,' selected by M. Betham-Edwards (London: Walter Scott), a sonnet simple and manly enough to do honor to any man, with a grace and vigor of poetic expression for him unusual (p. 88):

CONSOLATION.

When I perceive how slight and poor appears
(Though with sad care and strong compulsion brought
Down ranged rhymes with strenuous search of thought)
The express'd result of my most passionate years;
Remembering, too from what divines spheres
Stoop'd many a starry visitant, and taught
My spirit at her tolls—how round her wrought
Strong Raptures, Sorrows, Splendours rich in tears,
My whole heart fails me. Then an inward voice
Replies, "Possess thyself, and be content.
Life's best is bound not by the utterance
Of any word, nor may in sound be spent,
To win back echoes out of hollow chance.
What thou hast *felt* is thine. If much, rejoice."

Among recent volumes by living Americans, Edith Thomas of course takes the lead, holding as she clearly does, with Gilder, the headship of our younger poets. Her new volume, 'The Inverted Torch' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a requiem like 'In Memoriam,' but cannot claim, like that, to have absolutely escaped the peril of monotony; yet it has her accustomed elevation and her invariable fineness of perception. She does not touch an emotion with the single and irresistible needle-touch of Emily Dickinson, but her thoughts are always her own, and are uniformly noble. Who, for instance, has surpassed, upon its own ground, this lofty dirge, embodying the successive experience of every human generation as its elders pass away? (p. 23):

"Time takes no toll of thee,
Age spares the soul of thee.
They vex thee no more
Besieging thy door;
Nor without nor within
Shall their vantage win.

"The long years are fled from thee,
The winters are shed from thee
As the snows retire
For Spring's hidden fire,
And the gray of the fields
To the young green yields.

"The long years descend on me,
The winters bend on me
Their gathering might
As when dwindles the light,
And the gray of the fields
To the white drift yields."

This takes rank with Blake's delineation of the Soul and the Body, the old man descending feebly into the tomb, while the freed youth stands in fresh nobleness upon the other side.

Among minor Americans who have won honorable poetic fame must be classed Mr. Christopher Pearse Cranch, whose 'The Bird and the Bell, with Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a collection, which he seems to regard as final, of the productions of his thoughtful and cultivated muse; and Miss Nora Perry, who unites two volumes, still separately paged—a fashion we cannot approve—under the incongruous name of 'After the Ball, and Her Lover's Friend, etc.' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Miss Perry is always careful and conscientious in her work, though always with a flavor of artificiality; and there seems no reason why her publishers should not have altered the paging in the plates of her second volume, and then united the two in a common index. Miss Edna Dean Proctor has also brought her 'Poems' together in a welcome volume (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), in which the Russian and Oriental flavors are the strongest, although two fine poems on Kearsarge and Monadnock still prove her true to her native heath. Mrs. Mary E. Blake, as yet less widely known than the preceding, gives us, in 'Verses along the Way' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), something of that zest and heartiness which the Celtic element is beginning to add to our literature; and her translations, at the end, from Mexican poets, are admirably done, and suggest the attractive paper of Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, written many years ago, on "Spanish American Poetry."

Mr. Eugene Field, in 'A Little Book of Western Verse' (Scribners), has to contend with one formidable and most fatal enemy, himself; he is so comic when he is droll that one reads his most serious performance, for instance his version of Uhland's "Three Cavaliers," without doubting that it is to end with a guffaw. Something of the same drawback exists in the case of 'A Little Brother of the Rich, and Other Verses,' by Edward Sandford Martin (Scribners), but the author more rarely treats himself to the sentimental. We must by

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no means neglect to praise 'Seven Sonnets of Sculpture,' by M. Virginia McClurg, which have an unmistakable sculptural dignity and some fine touches of real appreciation, as when, in "The Venus of Melos to Venus Anadyomene," we find a contrast like this (p. 11):

"Thy lips to kiss; mine of imperial mould
Shut love's own secrets all the long years through;
Closer than cestus binds, real arms will fold;
Thy weak doves fluttered while my eagles flew.
Drift, Foam-Wreath! I to watch and ward am bold—
She who is strong to love must dare and do."

This book (Boston: The Soule Photograph Co.) is a beautifully printed quarto, with seven ample spaces for the insertion of the photographs of sculpture described.

A book of far greater value, however, for those who love the eternal youthfulness of Greek literature and art is 'Fifty Poems of Meleager, with a Translation,' by Walter Headlam (Macmillan). It is one of those charming books for which we must still look almost wholly to England—though Prof. Palmer's 'Odyssey' is an exception—books in which the very soul of antique verse is transfused into English, while the carefully edited original text appears in sumptuous type on each opposing page. The name of Meleager is that of the chief poet and first collector of the ever-delightful "Greek Anthology," which is to Homer and Plato what the Tanagra figurines are to the work of Phidias. We know Greek daily life, Greek trees and flowers, largely through his laughing and always graceful lines and those of his followers; and the very fact of his foreign birth, for he was a Syrian, gives in all its seductive charm the Oriental quality which had already begun to soften the severer classic outlines. Mr. Headlam, in his preface, treats him as being now known chiefly by the chapter on the Anthology in Mr. Symonds's 'Studies of the Greek Poets,' but he is as well known to Americans, perhaps, through the successive essays of Sainte-Beuve and of Saint-Victor ('Hommes et Dieux'), which the present editor does not mention. Mr. Headlam has great gifts as a translator in the combination of ease and literalness, but he surely spoils the grace of Venus amid the waves when he renders διὰ γλαυκοῖο φανεῖσα κύματος as "through the green waves sent" (p. 3); and he vulgarizes the sudden appearance of the graceful Heliodora by translating καίτοι κτύπος Ἡλιοδώρας "but that rustle and rattle" (p. 55). There is also a slight tendency to that use of affectedly simple and archaic words, such as "whenas," with which Mr. Andrew Lang has demoralized the present school of English translators. But there are few criticisms to be made upon a book which comes very near being the most delightful product of the season.

Perhaps the most repulsive product, on the other hand, is the volume of 'Shadows and Ideals,' by the late Francis S. Saltus (Albany: Moulton), which seem the morbid and blasted dreams of some poor wretch wrecked on the hard asphalt of Paris, and lost to all his early dreams. A book more grimly insane—tried by all ordinary standards—but more innocently, is 'The Pleroma, a Poem of the Christ,' by the Rev. E. P. Chittenden, A.M. (Putnams)—300 pages of solid geology and theology, where one may happen almost at random on lines like these (p. 189):

"Sing the Lithic ages twain!
Mammoth and the reindeer reign;
Glacial drift and frozen train;
Mancontending
And forefending
Heaths 'gainst frozen streams.
Sing brute force and stern recourse
Of Palæothite and Neolite
In Quaternary quarries:
Arrow flints and chippen glints,
Strown on mari, crunched in gnarl
That bull and cave-bear parries."

The book has many terrific wood-cuts of the early geologic periods, and a glossary of hard biologic and theologic words at the end.

A thoughtful and agreeable English book is 'Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems,' by William Watson (London: Unwin). Mr. Watson, although he appears elsewhere as the editor of Alfred Austin, is free from the current London affectations, and gives us a series of strong sonnets called "Ver Tenebrosum," written during the Sudanese war. He has also a kindly quatrain "On Longfellow's Death" (p. 69):

"No puissant singer he, whose silence grieves
To day the great West's tender heart and strong:
No singer vast of voice; yet one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song."

'The Religion of Humanity, and Other Poems,' by Annie Matheson (London: Percival), is pure and strong with noble womanly feeling. There is a touching "Song for Women" in which the first part of each verse describes a London seamstress, starving, and the last half carries us to sweet rural scenes. It closes thus (p. 3):

"O God in heaven! shall I, who share
That dying woman's womanhood,
Taste all the summer's bounteous good
Unburdened by her weight of care?
The white moon-daisies star the grass,
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass;
The meadow pool is smooth as glass,"

Stuart Sterne (Miss Bloede) gives us another of her vigorous dramatic stories in the narrative poem 'Piero da Castiglione' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and Mr. Hamilton Aïdé offers us only a rather superficial and shallow melody in the third edition of his 'Songs without Music' (Scribner & Welford). Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, in his 'Lyrics for a Lute' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is almost always graceful, though sometimes a little artificial.

Among recent compilations of miscellaneous verse, the largest place materially, and perhaps historically, must be given to Mr. W. L. Fagan's 'Southern War Songs' (Richardson), a bulky volume containing a vast amount of poor poetry, even the poorest of which has great value as a record of some feeling, some impulse, or some delusion; each having thus some bearing on the as yet unwritten story of our great national contest. It is curious, for instance, how many of these verses recognize slavery as being really the objective point of the whole war, after all. Miss Jessie O'Donnell's 'Love Poems of Three Centuries' (Putnam's "Nuggets" series) form a tolerably commonplace collection, whose grade may be best judged from the fact that the three American poets from whom she extracts most profusely are Mrs. Moulton, Joaquin Miller, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 'Musical Moments' (Chicago: McClurg) consists of "short selections in prose and verse for music-lovers," and the choice is made with some discrimination. 'The Painter Poets,' selected and edited by Kineton Parkes (London: Walter Scott, "Canterbury Poets"), is less fortunate, at least in this respect, that it contains so many names of which it is necessary to remind us either that they were painters or that they were poets. In the two cases where the combination is unquestionable—those of Blake and Rossetti—the selections are not peculiarly felicitous. There are, however, some valuable biographical notes at the end; Washington Allston being the only American included, unless we count Mr. W. J. Linton. 'Amherst Memories' (Springfield, Mass., Printing Co.) is a collection of undergraduate verse from the college designated, and is certainly better than such books are wont to be.

The great drawback upon these minor collections of miscellaneous verse is apt to be the carelessness in editing, which so often utterly sacrifices sound or sense by a misread word. Literature has this drawback, as compared with the other arts, that while the art of printing multiplies its products indefinitely, they may at any moment be put thereby in such a shape that the original author may wish that they had never gone into print at all. Thus, for instance, in "Musical Moments," Praed is made to say of his belle of the ball—

"She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Cata ina jealous"—

the name of an Italian singer (Catalani) being transformed out of all recognition. Again, when, in Higginson's "Serenade by the Sea," the editor of 'Love Poems' changes the couplet—

"Shadowy sloops are gliding in
Safe the harbor-bar within"—

so that the last line reads—

"Safe the harbor to be within"—

one wonders if it is meant for prose or poetry. Again, in Swinburne's graceful melody, "If love were what the rose is," as reprinted in the book just named, the pretty antithesis,

"Blown fields or flowerful closes,"

is utterly muddled by substituting

"Blown fields of flowerful closes,"

which is meaningless. Yet, when we consider that the late Prof. Longfellow, after invoking the aid of a whole Dante Club to correct the proofs of his great translation of the 'Divina Commedia,' was confronted with a misprint on first opening his bound volume at the breakfast table, one learns to be charitable to the young and the inexperienced.

ADAMS'S ADMINISTRATION OF MADISON.—II.

History of the United States of America during the First Administration of James Madison. By Henry Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. 1890.

In all that Mr. Adams says about the shortcomings of the Eleventh Congress he is undoubtedly right. It does not need the perspective of history to perceive the insufficiencies of that body. It had hardly adjourned before the *National Intelligencer*, the official organ of the Administration, wrote its epitaph, with words of apology indeed, but without a word of eulogy. It held the following language in its issue of March 21, 1811:

"We have mixed up the ingredients of a warlike and a pacific policy into a compound which has proved, in the end, to use a vulgar phrase, neither one thing nor the other. All calculations and experiments have failed. . . . and we have reached an equivocal state that defies definition. There has been all this time no want of spirit either in Congress or the people. If the former have not resorted to war, it has been from the conviction that it was not the interest of their constituents to make that solemn appeal. Until this great question is settled, serious embarrassments will continue to attend our Government."

We note that there is one historical moral which runs through both these volumes, as the *motif* runs through a whole opera. It is that in the practical administration of a government like ours, at least in all critical conjunctures, there is a choice only between the war policy championed by John Adams in 1798 and the peace policy promulged by Jefferson in 1801. This moral is pointed again and again by the historian for the purpose of exposing the inconsistency alike of the Republicans and of the Federalists. The two parties had come, in the drift of events, to change characters and places. From the frequency with which Mr. Adams makes this *rapprochement* between the principles of 1798 and of 1801 (he makes it more than a score of times in these volumes), we judge that the truth of his-

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tory seems to him an ample vindication of the Alien and Sedition Laws which brought so much obloquy on the Administration of John Adams.

We observe, too, that John Randolph is used again and again as the Tragic Chorus is used in a Greek drama for the purpose of accentuating the moral lessons of the story as it evolves under the pen of the writer. As we know well enough the small esteem in which Mr. Adams holds the erratic statesman of Roanoke (see Adams's 'Life of Randolph,' *passim*), we are a little puzzled to account for the frequency with which Randolph is cited as an accusing witness against Madison. In his 'Life of Gallatin,' Mr. Adams expresses the opinion that, in 1811, the mind of Randolph, "never strong in common sense, was yielding more and more to those aberrations which marked his later years." Whatever may have been the acrid sayings dropped by Randolph in the stages of that "universal misanthropy" which finally caused his sanity to be suspected, these buzzing gad-flies of the pungent Virginian were hardly worth preserving in the amber of Mr. Adams's classic narrative.

Mr. Adams animadverts on the fact that, in the war message of Madison, as sent in to Congress on the 1st of June, 1812, the order of the American complaints was inverted, and that impressments were put in the forefront of the charges formulated against England, in spite of the fact that the whole stress of the controversy, in its later stages, had turned on the Orders in Council. He even thinks that "England might have fairly complained that she had received no notice of intended war on such a ground." Mr. Adams furnishes a sufficient answer to his own objection. He explains to us, on page 40 of his second volume, how the pinch of the controversy came at last to be narrowed down to the Orders in Council, considered as retaliatory to the Napoleonic Decrees. On page 45, in the same volume, he cites a despatch in which Foster, the British Minister, when he had been in Washington only two weeks, wrote to the London Foreign Office that the American Government meant to settle certain preliminary disputes in the most amicable manner, "provided the Orders in Council were revoked—otherwise to make use of it, *together with all other topics of irritation*, for the purpose of fomenting a spirit of hatred towards England, and thereby strengthening their party." A little later, on page 57, Mr. Adams remarks that if a simple issue with England had been wanted in 1811, it might have been found at once in "the permanent presence of British frigates off Sandy Hook, capturing American vessels and impressing American seamen." "No further protest against it," adds Mr. Adams, "needed to be made, seeing that it had been made the subject of innumerable protests." If the United States might have justly plunged into war with England in 1811, without a protest against impressment, seeing that innumerable protests had been already lodged against the impressment outrage, it does not very clearly appear that England had much right to complain because, a few months later, the subject of impressments was put in its proper chronological and logical place in enumerating the grounds of war.

In the hour and article of the declaration of war against England, neither Madison nor Monroe made any concealment as to the grounds of our just complaint against France. Only two days before the declaration of war was passed, but when its passage was assured, Monroe wrote to Joel Barlow, our Minister at Paris, that propositions to include France in the same denunciation were made in both houses of Congress. The motion failed in the Senate by a vote of seventeen to fifteen. The majority against it in the House of Representatives was proportionally larger, yet still the affirmative vote was respectable. So well founded were our complaints against France that Monroe felt obliged to explain to Barlow how it was that France had been pretermitted. Even Robert Smith, with all his Gallican sympathies, was not able to keep fair weather between Madison and the French Minister Turreau, insomuch that the latter was provoked into writing a hectoring letter which he was compelled to withdraw. Mr. Adams refers to the letter as being found to-day in the French archives at Paris. A translation of it may also be found in the Annals of Congress (Thirteenth Congress, vol. i., p. 922; *cf.* p. 1236).

The author is entirely correct in saying that the declaration of war was passed by an essentially sectional as well as party vote. Of the seventy-nine members who voted for it in the House of Representatives, sixty-two resided south of the river Delaware, which, in the parlance of the day, had come to be called the dividing line between the political North and the political South. Of the nineteen Senators who voted for the measure, fourteen resided south of the same river. The whole number of members of both houses residing north of the Delaware was sixty-eight. Of these only twenty-one voted for the war. We have not verified these figures by our own analysis of the vote, but take them from Sullivan's well-known 'Letters.'

The alternate chill and fever of the war paroxysms had followed each other in such quick succession, and the whole political temperament of the country had become so bad, that Mr. Adams thinks it "no wonder if large masses of good citizens who believed Napoleon to be Antichrist should be disposed to resist, even to the verge of treason, the attempt to use their lives and fortunes in a service they regarded with horror."

In one aspect of the long diplomatic struggle between the United States and England Mr. Adams admits that the United States, even before the war began, had won a triumph which was more complete than any achieved since the Definitive Treaty of Peace in 1783 It is known that on the 16th of June, 1812, and, therefore, two days before the declaration of war by Congress, the Tory leader of the House of Commons rose and proclaimed that the Government had decided to suspend immediately the Orders in Council. The suspension came too late to avert the declaration of war, but, as Mr. Adams observes, "the surrender lacked on England's part no element of defeat." "The British Ministry, like the British people," he adds, "shrank from facing the consequences of their own folly." If the American party leaders, from Madison downwards, may be said, as Mr. Adams thinks, to have thrust the country into a war it dreaded, under the hope that the war itself might create the war spirit which the country lacked, it is plain that the British party leaders must be taxed with pusillanimity at the very time when their courage should have been highest.

We have left ourselves no room for comment on Mr. Adams's account of the war in its prelusive battles on land and sea. After reciting with much precision the blunders and disasters of Hull's surrender, the Niagara campaign, the brilliant exploits by which our infant navy won laurels for American seamanship and American gunnery, and after referring to the preliminary but ineffectual negotiations set on foot to compose the war soon after it began, the author pays the following historical tribute to Madison's courage, unless we are to assume that Madison was building better than he knew, and therefore should not be credited with a result which was not the outcome of any deliberate and rational purpose. However this may be, the words of Mr. Adams deserve citation. Referring to Madison's determination to risk the charge of continuing the war till he should satisfy himself that England could not be forced into an express renunciation of the right of impressment, he says:

"The experiment was worth trying, and, after the timidity of the American Government in past years, was well suited to create national character if it did not destroy the nation; but it was not the less hazardous in the face of sectional passions such as existed in New England, or in the hands of a party which held power by virtue of Jefferson's principles. That the British Government should expressly renounce its claim to impressment was already an idea hardly worth entertaining; but if the war could not produce that result, it might at least develop a Government strong enough to attain the same result at some other time. If a strong Government was desired, any foreign war, without regard to its object, might be good policy, if not good morals; and in that sense President Madison's war was the boldest and most successful of all experiments in American statesmanship, though it was also among the most reckless; but only with difficulty could history offer a better example of its processes than when it showed Madison, Gallatin, Macon, Monroe, and Jefferson joining to create a mercenary army and a great national debt, for no other attainable object than that which had guided Alexander Hamilton and the Federalists towards the establishment of a strong Government fifteen years before."

This passage furnishes food for reflection as well as food for criticism in many directions, but we cannot pursue the inviting topic. We must satisfy ourselves with the simple remark that even here the result of the war which seems clearest and most significant to Mr. Adams is that Madison's war of 1812 vindicated the Federalist men and the Federalist measures of 1798. The late Dr. Francis Wharton, in one of the valuable and sometimes incisive notes with which he has accompanied his 'Digest of the International Law of the United States,' indulges himself with some reflections designed to point what he conceived to be at least one of the moral results achieved by the war of 1812. After reciting the insults so gratuitously and continuously offered to the United States by British Ministers and British diplomatists down to the outbreak of hostilities, he says that "it took the war of 1812 . . . . to place the diplomatic relations of the two Powers on that basis of mutual respect and courtesy on which they have ever since remained."

While thanking Mr. Adams for the light he has shed on the transactions of this important epoch in our history and in the history of Europe, we are sorry that he could not find more to approve in the character and conduct of the men and measures here passed under his critical review. It is a just remark of Mr. John Fiske in his latest work, recently reviewed in these columns, that "government, however conducted, is necessarily a cumbrous affair." These volumes might well be studied as a commentary in support and explication of that proposition. History in the making—that is, history in the shape of current politics—is seen to pay a constant tribute to the maxim of Oxenstiern. There are times when, as it seems to us, Mr. Adams fails to make a due allowance for the difficulties of the statesmen whom he criticises. There are also times when he frankly acknowledges the difficulties which beset the rulers of the United States during this long period of stress and storm. "The process by which a scattered democracy

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decided its own will, in a matter so serious as a great and perhaps fatal war, was," he says, "new to the world." This remark is so true that it atones for many of his censures, because it cancels them.

We have learned to be cautious in correcting Mr. Adams's spelling of proper names, but in the first of these volumes the German spelling "Helgoland" (p. 277) is hardly preferable to the English spelling Heligoland in the case of what was then (1810) an English island. The celebrated French marshal, otherwise known as the Prince d'Eckmühl, appears in the first volume as "Davout" (pp. 409, 425), and in the second as "Davoust" (p 251). Both spellings are supported by good authority, but it might be better to adhere to one in the same narrative. "Littleton Walker Tazewell" (vol. i, p. 368) should be Littleton Waller Tazewell.

THE CALVERTS AND OGLETHORPE.

George Calvert and Cecilius Calvert, Barons Baltimore of Baltimore. By Wm. Hand Browne.—*Life of General Oglethorpe.* By Henry Bruce. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1890.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO. have begun the issue of a new series of books, called "Makers of America." More than twenty biographies are announced, ranging from that of Christopher Columbus to that of the late Prof. Henry of the Smithsonian Institution. We are glad to see among them the name of Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance under the Continental Congress; a man of great importance in making the United States, who has waited too long for a competent biographer. The appearance of the new series is creditable to the publishers. The print and paper are fair, and the duodecimo volumes pleasant to handle.

Among the first to appear is the account of George and Cecilius Calvert, by Mr. William Hand Browne, who has had the advantage of using papers of the Calvert family recently found in England among the ruins of an old conservatory. Some of these throw new light on the subject, and Mr. Browne has shown wisdom in quoting from them at considerable length. Altogether this is a solid and scholarly performance, well planned and adapted to its subject, with little attempt at description of manners, with few moving accidents, never exciting, but excellently written and readable. It is worth the attention of people interested in the early history of Maryland and of the United States. It has, moreover, the great merit of brevity, containing less than 200 small pages.

George Calvert, first Baron Baltimore, and his son Cecilius, were somewhat colorless persons. Had their characters been more picturesque, they would hardly have occupied the place they do among the makers of America. To found a colony of English Roman Catholics in the seventeenth century required tact, prudence, and moderation; qualities invaluable in life, but hateful to the biographer. George Calvert was a hard-working Secretary of State to King James I.; but we cannot agree with Mr. Browne that his was "a position somewhat resembling that of a modern prime minister." The Principal Secretary of those days was but a secondary personage in politics. Calvert retired with a peerage at about forty-five years of age, and was energetic enough to emigrate from England to Newfoundland, and wise enough, after spending one winter in that island, to transfer his colony to less rugged coasts.

In Cecilius, the second Baron, we have the true founder of the colony of Maryland, which he never visited. The charter was confirmed to him on the 20th of June, 1632, two months after his father's death. The territory was to be held in free and common socage, the feoffee rendering therefor two Indian arrows at the castle of Windsor, yearly, on Tuesday in Easter week, and the fifth part of all the gold and silver found. This charter, which is said to have been the most ample in its privileges ever granted by an English sovereign, erected Maryland into a palatinate. It invested the proprietary and his lineal descendants for ever with the perpetual and hereditary ownership of the soil and the waters. It empowered him to make peace or war, to confer titles and dignities, to erect churches and cause them to be consecrated according to the ecclesiastical laws of England, to make laws with the advice and consent of the freemen, and necessary ordinances not affecting life, limb, or property without that consent; to establish courts of justice and to appoint judges, magistrates, and other civil officers. His laws required no confirmation from King or Parliament; from his courts there was no appeal. Yet the colonists retained the rights and privileges of British subjects, while they were expressly exempted from taxation by the Crown.

It is evident that in giving such rights as these to a Catholic the advisers of King Charles I. intended to provide a place of refuge for the followers of the old religion. Baltimore's head was not turned by his powers. He recognized that, whatever the King might be, the English nation was decidedly, even fanatically, Protestant, and that his own privileges must be used with moderation. While sending out two Jesuits with his first emigrants, and appointing his brother and two other gentlemen, all Catholics, his Deputy Governor and Commissioners, he yet instructed the latter:

"that in their voyage to Mary Land they must be very carefull to preserve unity and peace amongst all the passengers on Shipp-board, and that they suffer no scandall nor offence to be given to any of the Protestants, whereby any just Complaint may hereafter be made by them, in Virginea or in England, and that for that end they Cause all Acts of Romane Catholique Religion to be done as privately as may be, and that they instruct all the Romane Catholiques to be silent upon all occasions of discourse concerning matters of Religion; and that the said Governer and Commissioners treate the Protestants w^th^ as much mildness and favor as Justice will permitt. And this to be observed at Land as well as at Sea."

Such instructions as these are often given to be disregarded; but Baltimore was in earnest. In him the Englishman was stronger than the Catholic. The Jesuits soon began to give trouble. They complained that no favor was shown to ecclesiastical personages, but that they were treated in all respects like laymen, as if the *jus divinum* had never been heard of. They asked that their churches and houses might be sanctuary, that their servants might be free from taxes and public services, "that though publicly they should allow their causes to be heard and tried by the civil authorities, yet that it should be with the private understanding that these authorities acted but as arbitrators and defenders of the Church, because the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was not yet settled"; "that though they should relinquish the use of many ecclesiastical privileges when they judged it expedient to do so, yet that the determination of that expediency was to be left entirely to their discretion." These demands were supported by some of the most influential Catholic laymen of the province. Yet Baltimore was unshaken. He applied to the Propaganda at Rome and received permission to remove the Jesuits and have secular priests sent in their stead. The order for removal was afterwards rescinded, but only on the submission of the Jesuits to the terms laid down by the Proprietary.

Meanwhile, all manner of persons had settled in the province, and toleration was practised to an extent rare indeed in that age. An act of the Maryland Assembly of 1649 provides penalties for the profanation of "the Sabbath, or Lord's day, called Sunday," for blasphemy against any Person of the Trinity, for reproachful speeches against the Virgin Mary, Apostles, and Evangelists. It also punishes all who shall call others by reviling names such as Puritan, Jesuit, or Papist.

Much discretion was needed on the part of Baltimore in preserving his charter through the time of the Great Rebellion. The Commonwealth and the Protector were not easy to deal with, and the Deputy Governor in Maryland complicated matters by going beyond his powers to proclaim Charles II. as King. That erratic monarch, on the other hand, then a fugitive in Jersey, declared that Baltimore "doth visibly adhere to the rebels of England, and admit all kind of schismatics, and sectaries, and other ill-affected persons into the said plantation of Maryland." Charles, therefore, gave a commission to Sir William Davenant, the poet, to proceed to America, dispossess Baltimore, and take the government on himself. Sir William actually set out on this undertaking, but was captured by a Parliament ship and thrown into prison, whence he barely escaped with his life. Of squabbles in England and riots in America, of the not very eventful history of the young colony, this book gives a careful account. Mr. Browne evidently dislikes Puritans and Quakers. Were it otherwise, he would hardly have written the history of the founders of Maryland.

The Life of General Oglethorpe will be less quoted by the learned than that of Lord Baltimore, and more enjoyed by the frivolous. Its author, Mr. Henry Bruce, is easily tempted away from his subject. On the smallest pretexts, we are given bits of biography and history; quotations in prose and verse, in English, French, German, Latin, Italian; passages from Mr. Bancroft, Pope, and Edgar Poe. Mr. Bruce's admiration for Carlyle would appear to be unbounded. He imitates the style which nothing short of the genius of that great Scotchman can make endurable. Even the quotations in this volume have at times a flavor of Carlyle, as butter kept too near to cheese acquires a pungency. Mrs. Oliphant is known as a writer of graceful English; yet one would think she had dipped her pen in a Chelsea inkstand before she (and who else?) assisted Mr. Bruce to compile the following sentences: "And the poor old futile Pretender had answered, 'Be careful of yourself, my dear boy. I would not lose you for the world!' 'With,' says Mrs. Oliphant, 'one can imagine, what smile and what sigh.'"

We will give one of Mr. Bruce's digressions in full, both because it is characteristic of the slightness of connection observable between his subject and its ornaments, and because it is entertaining enough in itself, as his digressions often are:

"In this year Oglethorpe made himself prominent as a member of the Council of the British Herring Fishery Company, particularly at a great dinner given at Fishmongers' Hall to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was the President, and who was introduced by Oglethorpe. And in the following year, 1751, Prince Fred died. These lines, says Carlyle, are 'his main monument with posterity':

"'Here lies Prince Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his Father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his Brother,
Sooner than any other;

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Had it been his Sister,
There's no one would have missed her;
Had it been his whole generation,
Best of all for the nation.
But since it's only Fred,
There's no more to be said.'"

Of Oglethorpe we get a tantalizing picture. There must have been much individuality in the soldier of Marlborough and Prince Eugene; the philanthropist who defended dueling, and is said, at the age of ninety-three, to have challenged a neighboring gentleman for trespassing on his manor; the prisoner's friend, and the friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Boswell. Perhaps, as Mr. Bruce says, "the true life of Gen. Oglethorpe it is for ever too late to write." We have enough here to make us wish for more. Had Mr. Bruce given less space to Prince Eugene, and Bishop Berkeley, and the death-bed of Pope, at which Oglethorpe was not present, and to half-a-hundred other people and events but remotely connected with his subject, he would perhaps have written a less amusing book, but he might have found space to make clearer to us the behavior of Charles Wesley as the General's secretary, and might even have had room for a little more information than he has chosen to insert about the colony of Georgia and Oglethorpe's campaigns. After all, it was these which checked Spain and defended the English colonies, and it is to them that Oglethorpe owes his place among the Makers of America. *Malheur aux détails!* quotes Mr. Bruce from Voltaire. But surely the details which are accursed are not those which are pertinent to the subject in hand.

Belief in God. Its Origin, Nature, and Basis. By Jacob Gould Schurman, Sage Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1890.

Prof. Schurman's book gets an extrinsic interest from the fact that the lectures of which it is composed were delivered in Andover before the Theological Seminary. They form the sixth course of lectures on the Winkley foundation, which is what our English cousins call an "open trust," being hampered by no conditions whatever—"a rare and surely a fortunate circumstance," remarks Prof. Schurman, "for any theological school." It is to be presumed that the Faculty, in inviting Prof. Schurman, knew what they might expect, and it would be difficult to overrate the significance of such an invitation. It may be there is little in these lectures which has not been implied in the writings of the Andover liberals, but it has not been expressed in those writings; or, if expressed, it has been in a language almost as remote from the vernacular, or from Prof. Schurman's lucid speech, as Hegel's dialectic from the poetry of Burns.

Prof. Schurman, without abusing his liberty, used it with the least possible restraint. There could be no better index to his position than the list of those to whom he expresses special indebtedness in his preface: Lotze, Martineau, Pfleiderer, Robertson Smith, Seeley, Fiske, Réville, and Thiele. Considerable exception is taken to some of Martineau's positions (Prof. Schurman calls him the "angelic doctor" of our time); but it is in the interest of a more radical philosophy. Where Martineau contends that God is transcendent of the universe, Prof. Schurman finds him wholly immanent in its wholeness, and where Martineau contends for a divine choice of possible worlds, Prof. Schurman argues that this world was the only possible. With these variations from a teacher at whose feet he sat in Manchester New College, and whom he so much reveres, it might have been well if he had abandoned his thoroughly gnostic and wooden conception of God as "vacating" the sphere of human freedom, with its sophistical suggestion that man, while included in what God has caused, is excepted from what he is causing.

Some of the more vigorous and rigorous deliverances of the evolutionist school are set aside with a feeble show of orthodox indignation and abhorrence of the infidel; but, in truth, it would be difficult to find a book more completely saturated than is this with the newness of scientific thought. While its method is predominantly metaphysical, it is checked at every turn by scientific tests, being impressed, like most of the more recent philosophizing of our time, with the necessity of making its peace with science and the evolutionists. These are sometimes spoken of in a superior way, but the acceptance of their conclusions is a finer compliment than the most fulsome adulation.

Of the dogmatic spirit there is not a sign in these lectures, nor of such a temper as that of 'Lux Mundi,' resolved on the adjustment of the traditional dogma with the results of modern science. Of the Deity of Christ there remains a shadow of such faintness that the conservative Unitarian might insist on having something more than this: "Nor among these choicest sons of the universal Father [such as Pheidias, Cæsar, Shakspere, Newton] is there any metaphysical impropriety in supposing one to be in some preëminent sense the Son of God." "Oh, how frail to that large utterance of the early" Andoverians! The satisfaction of Divine Justice was the centre of their creed. Prof. Schurman will not predicate justice as an attribute of God. "Justice is a civic virtue, which has too narrow a meaning to predicate of the Christian conception of God." "External punishment is unthinkable of human sins," here or hereafter. In short,

"Modern science is not antagonistic to the religion of Christ, but it is fatal to those confessions of the Christian religion which have been embodied in an antiquated psychology, anthropology, cosmology, and history. The process of readjustment is going on rapidly, and it is much more thorough in the actual beliefs of men than in the revised creeds that are supposed to represent them. Even the new Biblical criticism has won a victory almost as complete as that of astronomy, geology, and zoölogy. The sober and cautious spirit of modern culture has once for all domiciled itself in the realm of theology also."

After this it is remarkable that Prof. Schurman makes a rhetorical escape from the question of miracle by affirming every human soul to be a miracle, and that he succumbs to the temptation to rationalize the ascension of Jesus, loosely confounded with his resurrection, which "is in fact," we read, "an obsolete picture of an eternal truth"—"the fact of continued life with God."

Not only is Prof. Schurman's book without a remnant or a trace of theological dogma, but it does not attempt to obtain for us any certainty of the existence of a beneficent Deity corresponding to the "dead certainty" of the traditional dogma. He does not believe in the possibility of any mathematical demonstration of the existence of God. Our assurance cannot be so positive as the mathematician's. He returns frankly to the much-abused opinion, Probability is the guide of life. Belief in God is an hypothesis as incapable of verification as the hypothesis of a luminiferous ether, but, like that, accounting for admitted facts. In the course of the six lectures in which this argument is worked out, there is much solid ground to walk upon; but in chap. iv. there is a stretch of metaphysics where we are not certain of our steps.

The strength of the book is much more in its negative criticisms of traditional ideas than in its positive results. Some of the former are extremely pertinent and forcible. The scepticism of Hume and Kant is assailed from the standpoint of the new psychology. The impossibility of proving an external, mechanical Creator is ably argued, if not clearly shown. But with the immanence of God in the universe comes the old difficulty of man's "life in himself." It is a difficulty which no argument of Prof. Schurman's wholly dissipates. But for our inexpugnable consciousness of freedom, it is greatly to be feared that we should all be necessarians. Chapter v., "God as Realizing Purpose of the World," is a vigorous onslaught on the old teleology, but the teleology it substitutes is dim and vague, more a matter of feeling than of logic; and Prof. Schurman does not flatter himself that it would have much force with one not otherwise convinced. At the end one is glad of his assurance that the general naïve belief in God is quite independent of philosophical considerations. These are an account of the faith that is in us. However unsatisfactory the general course of his thought may be, his book contains a multitude of pregnant observations, and the whole is presented in a style so fresh and vivid that it holds the attention and compels our interest on every page.

The Pine Tree Coast. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1890.

Mr. Drake, who has been a diligent collector of the local traditions of the New England Coast, and a fertile writer on the subject, describes in the present instance a summer journey along the Maine shore. He passes through the old towns and fishing villages, by the beaches, cliffs, and islands, from Kittery to Eastport, and gathers about each spot a story of the early Gorges adventurers or the colonial captains, of Indian and French and English fighting, and of the innumerable wrecks which the great storms have always thrown upon the reefs and rocky headlands of this long coast line. The materials are ample for an interesting narrative; the names of the actors, from Champlain to General Knox, are often well known, or, if the participants were obscure, their deeds were heroic; and frequently the author is able to grace his own account with the verses of the New England poets who have found in these local annals, or in the scenes amid which the events took place, a congenial subject. Mr. Drake does not confine himself, however, to this phase of the country, but describes the landscape with much truthful effect, sketches the inhabitants, and occasionally introduces their conversation, with a realism of phrase and thought which the modern novelist must envy. The principal points are now well known as seaside resorts, but fortunately Mr. Drake has not thought it necessary to dwell upon this aspect of the coast, except very briefly at Bar Harbor. He endeavors rather to photograph the nature of sea and rock, the old look of the old towns, the memorial buildings and places, and the life of the people; and in this attempt he derives much assistance from the illustrations, which appear on almost every page of the volume. Antiquarian notes are added at the end of the chapters. The book shows throughout evidence of being a labor of love, and consequently it is entirely

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successful in depicting the scenes and the life which it deals with.

Outings at Odd Times. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D. D. Appleton & Co. 1890.

DR. ABBOTT'S contributions to the literature of out-of-doors are more in the vein of the naturalist and the investigator than of the landscape-lover; and, in particular, he attends most to the common things that are not commonly known. He combats a number of popular errors, and is fond of illustrating his points by taking examples from the mistakes of the country people with respect to the world about them. In New Jersey, at least, he makes it appear that the winter season is far less one of torpor and silence on the part of outdoor life than is commonly supposed, and several of his short sketches are directed to the proof of the activity of the inhabitants of the ponds and the gathering of the birds in sheltered places and their keeping in voice through the frost. Even on the coldest days and in tempestuous weather he succeeds in finding nature still alive, and in waylaying the small animals, the blue jays, and others of the stay-at-homes. He has a special curiosity, also, for the neglected side of the way, for the mudfish in the disused ditches, the creatures that come to his pond by night, the field-mice, owls, and, in the vegetable world, the "carrion-flower." Consequently, his little volume is distinguished from others of its kind by freshness in the subject, by an individual point of view, and by attention to what seems exceptional in the open book of the fields and woods. This interest, pertaining more particularly to the naturalist, is reinforced by the author's knowledge of the relics of primitive man found in his region, of which he gives some account, and by such episodes as his description of the results of the attempt to naturalize the Egyptian lotus in the Jersey waters. Occasionally, too, as is the wont of such writers, he goes back to the farm-house of his boyhood, to the Quaker Christmas and the old haymow, to lend a certain sentiment to the papers. Altogether the brief essays are well varied and make the most agreeable of wayside reading; but we must regard the winter scenes and adventures, the explorations under the mud and by night, as the most successful parts of his work.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashby-Sterry, J. Nutshell Novels. Scribner & Welford. $1.50.
Ashton, J. Curious Creatures in Zoölogy. Cassell Publishing Co. $3.50.
Bacon, E. M., and Aaron, E. M. The New Jamaica. Walbridge & Co.
Blackmore, R. D. Lorna Doone. 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.
Blackstone's Commentaries, edited by W. G. Hammond. 4 vols. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Co.
Blanford, H. F. India, Burma, and Ceylon. Macmillan & Co. 70 cents.
Booth, General. In Darkest England, and the Way Out. Funk & Wagnalls.
Broughton, Rhoda. Alas! United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Brown, N. The Whole World Kin: A Pioneer Experience among Remote Tribes. Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros. $1.50.
Caine, W. S. Picturesque India. George Routledge & Sons. $2.50.
Chater, T. Scientific Voice, Artistic Singing, and Effective Speaking. Scribner & Welford. $1.
Church, W. C. The Life of John Ericsson. 2 vols. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $6.
Coignet, Mme. C. La Réforme Française avant les Guerres Civiles, 1512–1559. Paris: Fischbacher.
Delghton, K. Shakespeare's King Richard II. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Dobson, A. The Sun Dial: A Poem Illustrated by Geo. Wharton Edwards. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Ellis, E. S. The Cabin in the Clearing. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Ely, T. Manual of Archæology. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Froude, J. A. The Earl of Beaconsfield. Harper & Bros.
Gardiner, S. R. A Student's History of England. Vol. I. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20.
Gross, C. The Gild Merchant. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $6.
Halévy, Ludovic. A Marriage for Love. Illustrated by Wilson de Meza. Dodd, Mead & Co. $10.
Hamley, E. The War in the Crimea. Scribner & Welford. $1.75.
Haslewood, Constance. The Holiday Painting Book. Frederick Warne & Co. 50 cents.
Havell, H. L. Longinus on the Sublime. Macmillan & Co. $1.10.
Hochschild, Baron. Désirée, Queen of Sweden and Norway. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Hug, Lina, and Stead, R. Switzerland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Imbert de Saint-Amand. The Court of the Empress Josephine. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Jones, C. A. Little Sir Nicholas. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.
Kiepert, H., and Koldewey, R. Itinerare auf der Insel Lesbos. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer.
Kingston, W. H. G. The Swiss Family Robinson. George Routledge & Sons. $2.50.
Kitchin, W. C. Paoli, the Last of the Missionaries. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Lane-Poole, S. The Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Lindsay, T. B., and Rollins, G. W. Easy Latin Lessons. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
Long, G. The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Scribner & Welford. $2.
Lowell, J. R. Writings: IX., X. Poems: III., IV. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 each.
Lytton, E. B. The Last Days of Pompeii. George Routledge & Sons. $3.
Mackail, J. W. Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.50.
McGlasson, Eva Wilder. Diana's Livery. Harper & Bros.
Meade, L. T. Heart of Gold. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.
Meade, L. T. Heart of Gold. United States Book Co. 50 cents.
Mérimée, P. A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX. Cassell Publishing Co. $7.50.
Mortimer, J. The Chess-Player's Pocket-Book. Dick & Fitzgerald. 50 cents.
Myers, P. V. N. Ancient History for College and High Schools. Part II. A History of Rome. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
Musick, T. H. The Genesis of Nature. John B. Alden.
Naville, E. Le Libre Arbitre. Paris: Fischbacher.
Nicolay, J. G., and Hay, J. Abraham Lincoln: A History. 10 vols. The Century Co.

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